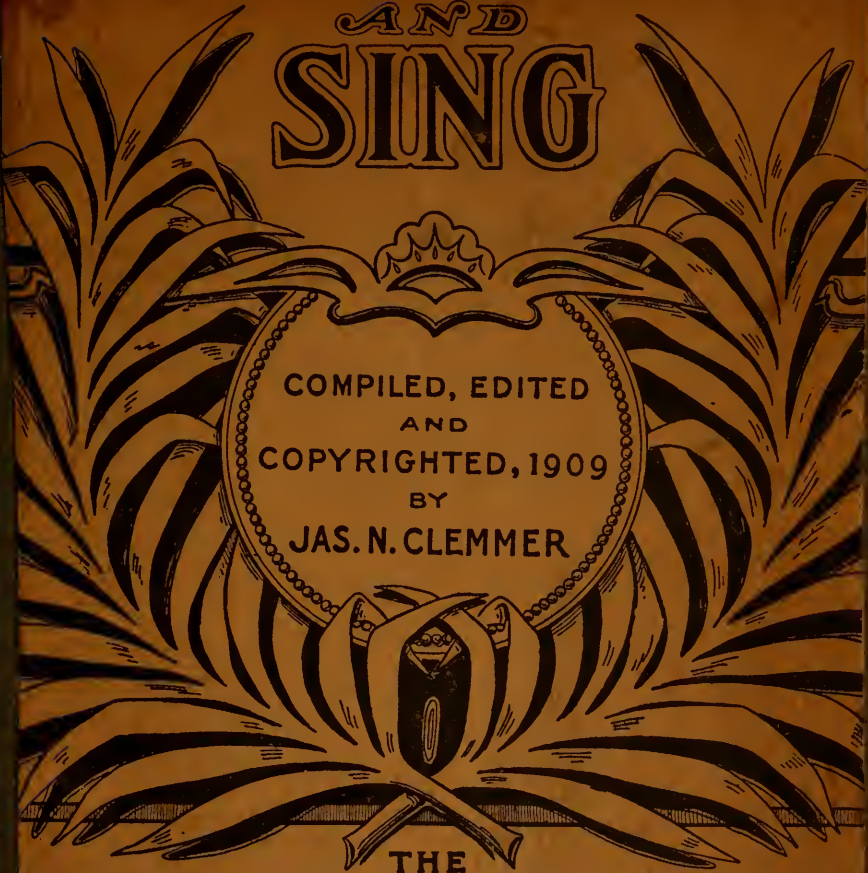


# GIVE THANKS *AND* SING



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BY  
JAS. N. CLEMMER

THE  
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TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

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# Give Thanks

.. and ..

## Sing

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*For Use In ALL RELIGIOUS MEETINGS*

---

COMPILED AND EDITED

BY ✓

**JAMES N. CLEMMER**

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A sample copy will be sent to any Minister, Sunday-School Superintendent, Leader of Choir or Committees, postpaid, for 10 cents, in manilla cover, or 20 cents, in cloth bound, with 8 pages of carefully selected Responsive Readings, &c.

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## Preface.

To select the soul-stirring hymns, full of melody-hymns that congregations will sing with heartiness, has been the aim of the compiler of "GIVE THANKS AND SING," in the hope that this collection of sacred words and melodies may fulfill its mission in the perpetuation of songs dear to many souls, and

"That they might touch the hearts of men,  
And bring them back to Heaven again."

The book was compiled to meet the needs of Sabbath Schools ; it will supply that specific purpose ; but, in addition, it will fill the needs of Prayer and Revival Meetings, and all other religious services.

Special attention for the use of Choirs, see Nos. 1, 2, 6, 40, 56, 59, 71, 81, 93, 96, 97, 106.

Those underscored are especially fine for the use of Choirs.

For the use of Prayer and Revival Meetings, and other religious services, would suggest Nos. 5, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 16, 22, 26, 36, 39, 55, 57, 63, 72, 76, 77, 80, 83, 86, 89, 92, 99, 100, 102.

For the opening and closing services, 1, 109.

For use at Christmas, Easter and Temperance celebrations, would suggest Nos. 2, 13, 21, 25, 29, 58, 98, 104.

For the use of solos, duets and quartets, would suggest Nos. 2, 3, 4, 6, 13, 19, 23, 25, 28, 30, 33, 47, 56, 57, 59, 61, 62, 66, 69, 73, 75, 79, 81, 87, 96, 97, 101.

For use in the SABBATH SCHOOLS, would suggest from No. 1 to 110, inclusive.

THE COMPILER AND EDITOR.

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# GIVE THANKS

— AND —

## SING.

No. 1.

GLORY BE TO THEE.

Arr. by JAS. N. CLEMMER.

*Allegro maestoso.*

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Sab - a - oth, Heav'n and earth are

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

full, full of Thy glo - ry, Heav'n and earth are full, are full of Thy glo - ry.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and harmony from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee,  
Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee,

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and harmony. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Thee, to Thee, O Lord Most High. High. A - men.

The fourth system of musical notation. It concludes the piece with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

NOTE.—Opening Anthem.

Copyright, 1969, by Jas. N. Clemmer.



## No. 2.

## GIVE THANKS AND SING.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. FAURE.

SOLO OR UNISON.

1. Give thanks and sing un- to the Lord our God Sweep, sweep the harp in notes of  
 2. Give thanks and sing, He made the day and night; Sun - beams of joy that brightly  
 3. Give thanks and sing; His wondrous deeds re - count; Let lips and lives unceas - ing

sweet de - vo - tion; Tell of His grace, and spread His name a - broad,  
 spark - le round us; Hopes, like the stars, to shed their gold - en light,  
 prais - es ren - der; On wings of love our souls shall heav'nward mount

Great are His works in sky and air and o - cean.  
 Till some glad morn His mer - cy shall have crowned us.  
 Till on our view shall break the Cit - y's splen - dor.

CHORUS.

Praise ye the Lord! Give thanks and sing; Tell of His love to ev - 'ry

# GIVE THANKS AND SING.—Concluded.

land and na - tion, Ho - san - - na! *f* Praise ye the Lord, give thanks and sing, Praise ye the Lord,

*ff* Praise Him for - ev - er, who bring - eth sal - va - - - tion. *rit.*

## No. 3.

## ETERNITY.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Where spend e - ter - ni - ty When earth is gone? Where will my  
 2. Choose now thy fu - ture home, Choose, wea - ry soul, Where through e -  
 3. Leaves have their time to fall, All na - ture dies, But we have

spir - it be As time goes on? Earth's pleas - ures can - not stay,  
 ter - ni - ty A - ges may roll. Serve faith - ful - ly while here,  
 hope of life, Be - yond the skies. Joy may be ev - er thine,

Soon, soon they pass a - way, Then comes the long, long day, E - ter - ni - ty.  
 Bring Christ some souls to cheer, Love God, then nev - er fear E - ter - ni - ty.  
 Through Je - sus Christ di - vine, Heav'n may be thine and mine, E - ter - nal - ly.

## No. 4.

## SOME OF THESE DAYS.

F. L. S.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

DUET. (SOPRANO AND ALTO.)

1. Some of these days all the skies will be bright-er— Some of these days all the  
 2. Some of these days, in the des-erts up-spring-ing, Fountains shall flash, while the  
 3. Some of these days! Let us bear with our sor-row; Faith in the fu-ture—it's

bur-dens be light-er; Hearts will be hap-pi-er, souls will be whit-er—  
 joy-bells are ring-ing, And all the world, with the birds, shall go sing-ing,  
 light we may bor-row; There will be joy in the gold-en to-mor-row,

CHORUS.

Some of these days, some of these days! Some of these days,..... some of these  
 Some of these days,

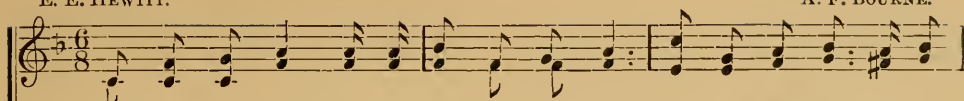
days,..... Skies will be bright-er some of these days;.....  
 some of these days, some of these days;

Some of these days all the burdens be light-er, Some of these days, some of these days!

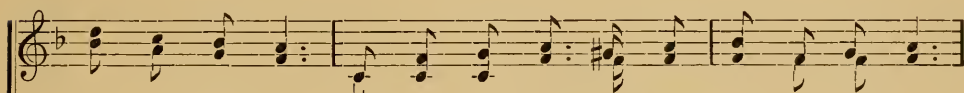


E. E. HEWITT.

A. F. BOURNE.

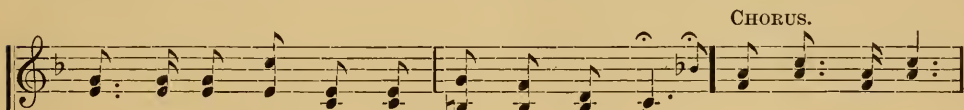


1. "Give me thy heart," says the Fa - ther a - bove, No gift so pre - cious to  
 2. "Give me thy heart," says the Sav - iour of men, Call - ing in mer - cy a -  
 3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spir - it di - vine, All that thou hast, to my



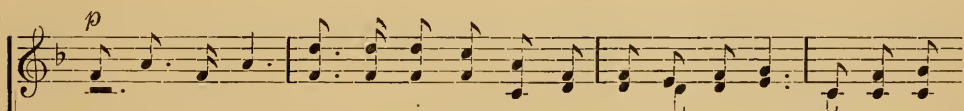
Him as our love; Soft - ly He whis - pers, wher - ev - er thou art,  
 gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,  
 keep - ing re - sign; Grace more a - bound - ing is mine to im - part,

CHORUS.

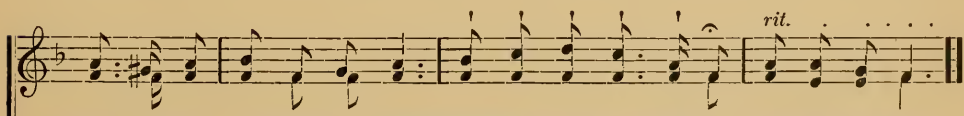


"Grate - ful - ly trust Me, and give me thy heart."  
 Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart."  
 Make full sur - ren - der, and give me thy heart." } "Give Me thy heart,

*p*



give Me thy heart," Hear the soft whis - per, wher - ev - er thou art; From this dark



*rit.*

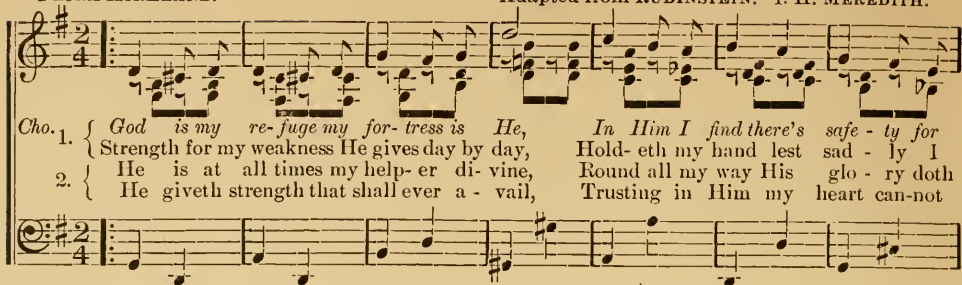
world, He would draw thee a - part, Speak - ing so ten - der - ly, "give Me thy heart."

## No. 6.

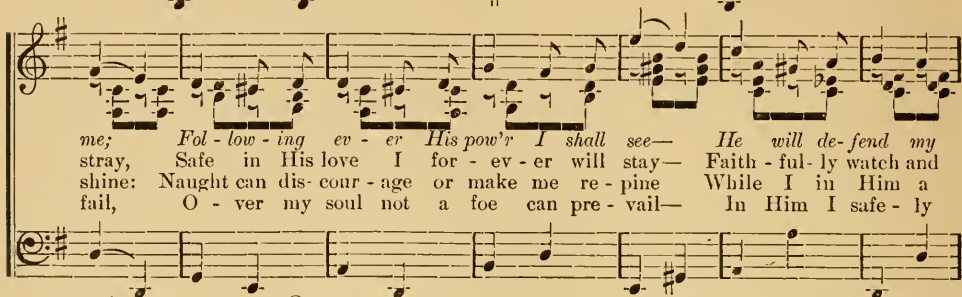
## GOD IS MY REFUGE.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

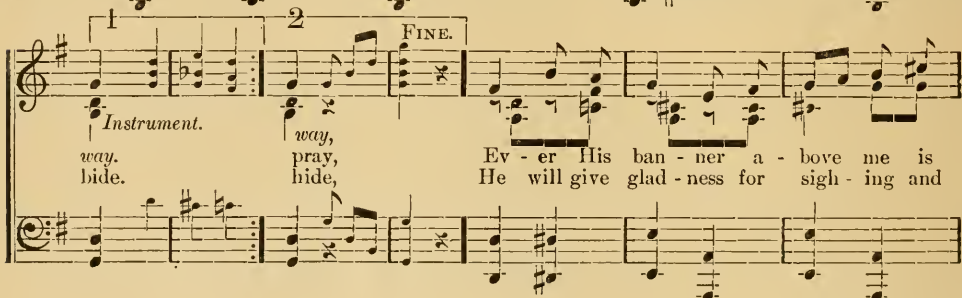
Adapted from RUBINSTEIN. I. H. MEREDITH.



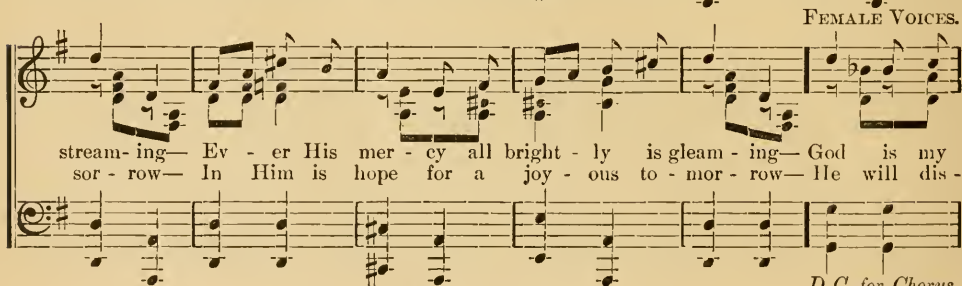
Cho. 1. { God is my re-fuge my for-tress is He, In Him I find there's safe-ty for  
Strength for my weakness He gives day by day, Hold-eth my hand lest sad-ly I  
2. { He is at all times my help-er di-vine, Round all my way His glo-ry doth  
He giveth strength that shall ever a-vail, Trusting in Him my heart can-not



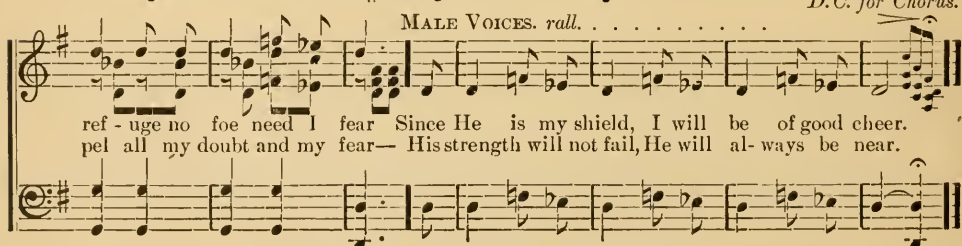
me; Fol-low-ing ev-er His pow'r I shall see— He will de-fend my  
stray, Safe in His love I for-ev-er will stay— Faith-ful-ly watch and  
shine: Naught can dis-cour-age or make me re-pine While I in Him a  
fail, O-ver my soul not a foe can pre-vail— In Him I safe-ly



1 2 FINE.  
Instrument. way, way, Ev-er His ban-ner a-bove me is  
bide. pray, He will give glad-ness for sigh-ing and  
hide, hide,



FEMALE VOICES.  
stream-ing— Ev-er His mer-cy all bright-ly is gleam-ing— God is my  
sor-row— In Him is hope for a joy-ous to-mor-row— He will dis-



MALE VOICES. rall. . . . . D.C. for Chorus.  
ref-uge no foe need I fear Since He is my shield, I will be of good cheer.  
pel all my doubt and my fear— His strength will not fail, He will al-ways be near.

## No. 7.

## NEARER, STILL NEARER.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav - iour, so  
 2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an off - 'ring to  
 3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol - lies, I

pre - cious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel - ter me  
 Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now con - trite heart Grant me the  
 glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleas - ures, pomp and its pride, Give me but

safe in that "Hav - en of Rest," Shel ter me safe in that "Hav - en of Rest."  
 cleans ing Thy blood doth im - part, Grant me the cleans - ing Thy blood doth im - part.  
 Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.

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## No. 8.

## FOREVER HERE MY REST.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(AVON. C. M.)

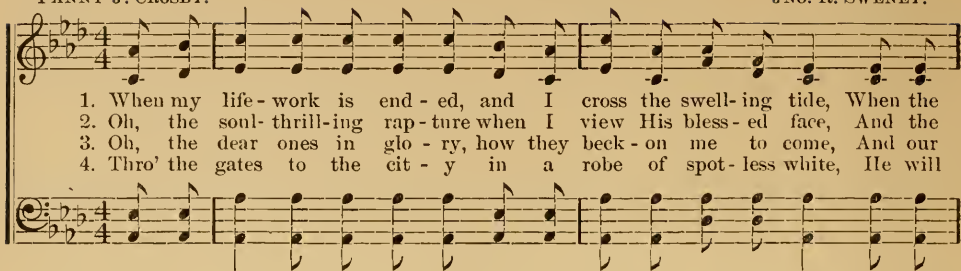
HUGH WILSON.

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed - ing side;  
 2. My dy - ing Sav - iour, and my God, Foun - tain for guilt and sin,  
 3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art;

This all my hope, and all my plea, "For me the Sav - iour died."  
 Sprink - le me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.  
 Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

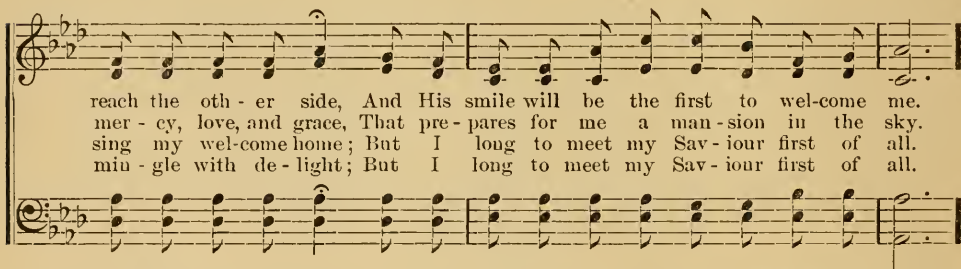
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the  
 2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the  
 3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our  
 4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spot-less white, He will

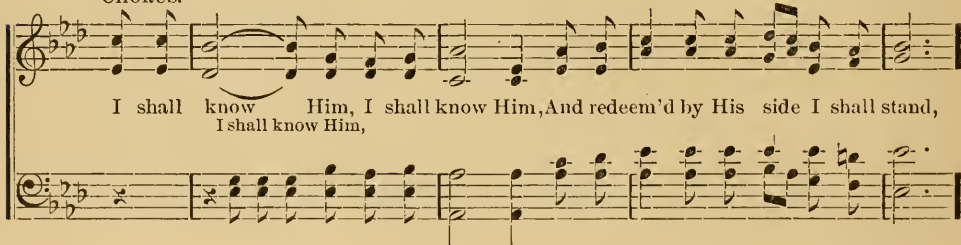


bright and glo-rious morning I shall see; I shall know my Re-deem-er when I  
 lus-tre of His kind-ly beam-ing eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the  
 part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will  
 lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall

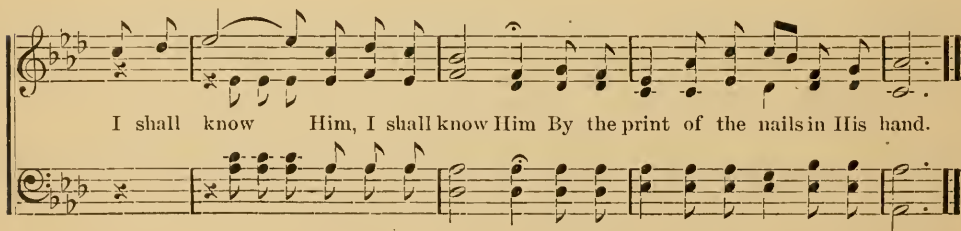


reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.  
 mer-cy, love, and grace, That pre-pares for me a man-sion in the sky.  
 sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.  
 min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.

## CHORUS.



I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,  
 I shall know Him,



I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.

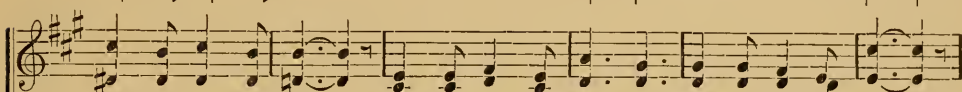
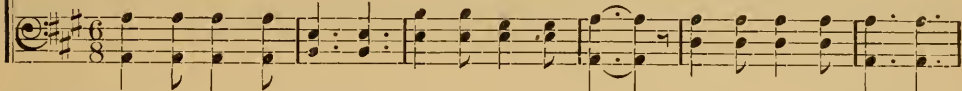


JENNIE WILSON.

JAMES M. BLACK.



1. Put your trust in Je - sus, leave with Him your care, He has sure - ly prom - ised
2. Put your trust in Je - sus in the dark - est night, Just be - yond the shad - ows
3. Put your trust in Je - sus, find - ing peace and joy, Earth can nev - er give you



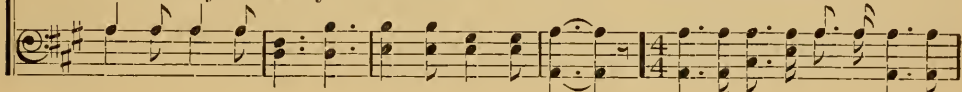
all your griefs to bear, Tell Him all your tri - als, what - so - e'er they be;  
 shines a gold - en light; He will not for - sake you though you walk a - lone,  
 and can ne'er de - stroy; Rest - ing on the prom - ise He so free - ly made,



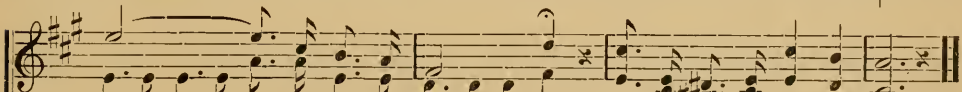
## CHORUS.



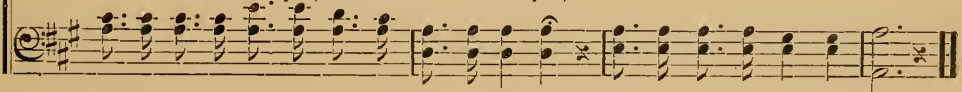
Put your trust in Je - sus, till His face you see. Trust..... Him ev - 'ry  
 Ev - 'ry hour the Sav - iour car - eth for His own. Trust your blessed Saviour, trust Him  
 In the way He leads you nev - er be a - fraid.



day, Trust..... Him all the way,  
 ful - ly ev - 'ry day, Trust Him, ev - er trust Him, ful - ly trust Him all the way,



He..... will nev - er leave you, Trust your Saviour ev - 'ry day.  
 He will nev - er leave you, He will nev - er leave you,





# No. 11. OH, WON'T YOU MEET ME THERE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. This life will soon be end - ed, A few more doubts and fears, Then we will be for  
 2. There all the walls are jas - per, There all the streets are gold, But of that cit - y's  
 3. Dear sin - ner, start for glo - ry, Where all is fair and bright, Just bow be - fore the

ev - er Be - yond this vale of tears; My Sav - iour has gone o - ver, A  
 beau - ty The half has not been told; For you and me, my broth - er, Christ  
 Sav - iour, He'll save your soul to - night; He'll write your name in heav - en, In

mansion to pre - pare, So when we cross the riv - er Oh, won't you meet me there?  
 once the cross did bear, That we might see its glo - ry. Oh, won't you meet me there?  
 an - swer to your pray'r, There friends for you are wait - ing, Oh, won't you meet me there?

*D.S.*—There's room enough in heav - en, Oh, won't you meet me there?

## CHORUS.

Oh, won't you meet me there? Oh, won't you meet me there. In that e - ter - nal Cit - y  
 meet me there? meet me there

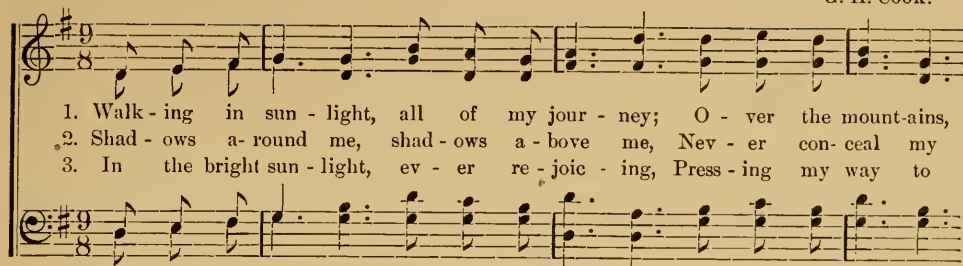
Where all is bright and fair? I'm go - ing home to glo - ry, A crown of life to wear,

## No. 12.

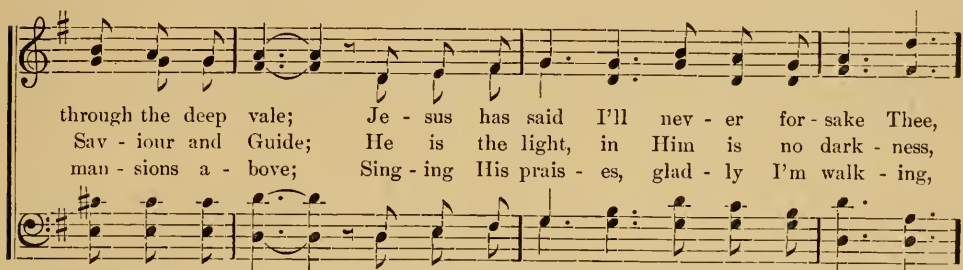
## HEAVENLY SUNLIGHT.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

G. H. COOK.



1. Walk - ing in sun - light, all of my jour - ney; O - ver the mount - ains,  
 2. Shad - ows a - round me, shad - ows a - bove me, Nev - er con - ceal my  
 3. In the bright sun - light, ev - er re - joic - ing, Press - ing my way to

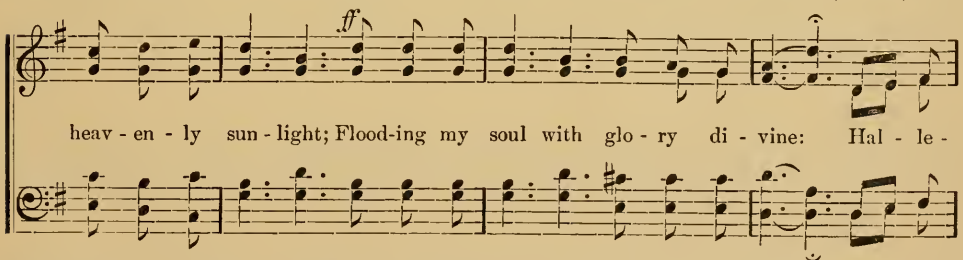


through the deep vale; Je - sus has said I'll nev - er for - sake Thee,  
 Sav - iour and Guide; He is the light, in Him is no dark - ness,  
 man - sions a - bove; Sing - ing His prais - es, glad - ly I'm walk - ing,

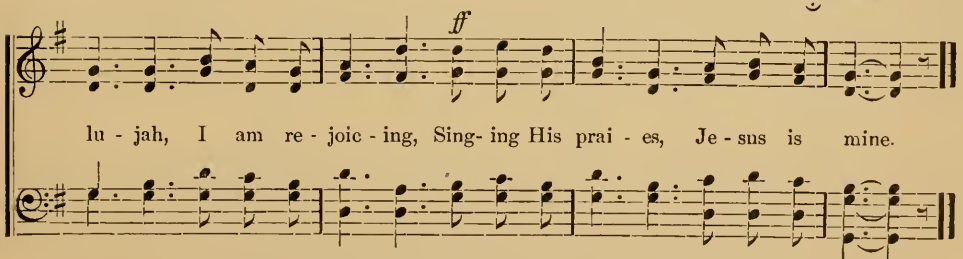


CHORUS.

Prom - ise di - vine that nev - er can fail.  
 Ev - er I'm walk - ing close to His side.  
 Walk - ing in sun - light, sun - light of love. } Heav - en - ly sun - light,



heav - en - ly sun - light; Flood - ing my soul with glo - ry di - vine: Hal - le -



lu - jah, I am re - joic - ing, Sing - ing His prais - es, Je - sus is mine.

(DUET FOR MEZZO SOP. AND TENOR OR UNISON CHORUS THROUGHOUT.)

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

*With expression.*

1. My bless-ed Lord was cru - ci - fied, The day was dark, and grief was wide, For hope was  
 2. He brings His great sal - va - tion nigh, And on His love bids us re - ly; He bought our  
 3. O, wond'rous news of life and love! That Je - sus lives and reigns a - bove! He made the

*rit.* . . . . . CHORUS.

crushed and all seem'd vain, Un - til that saviour rose a - gain. } Ring out the bless - ed news a -  
 peace thro' grief and pain; But oh! He did not die in vain. }  
 path to glo - ry plain; Ah, no! He did not die in vain. }

gain! Oh! bear a-loft the strain; The mighty Lord is ris'n in pow'r, He died, but not in vain!

NOTE.—Can be used for Easter.

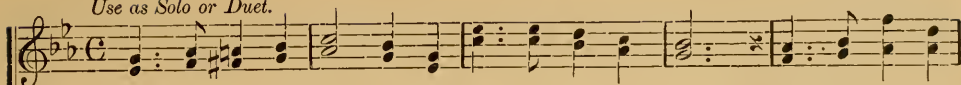
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# No. 14. LEAD ME GENTLY HOME, FATHER.

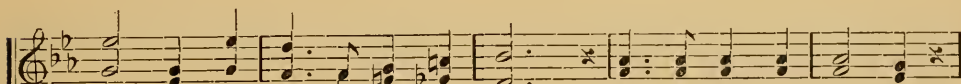
W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

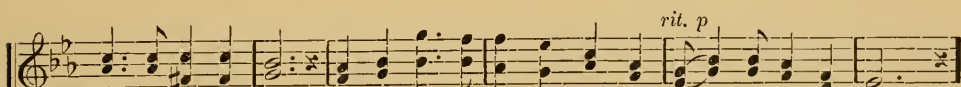
*Use as Solo or Duet.*



1. Lead me gen - tly home, Father, Lead me gen - tly home, When life's toils are  
2. Lead me gen - tly home, Father, Lead me gen - tly home, In life's dark-est

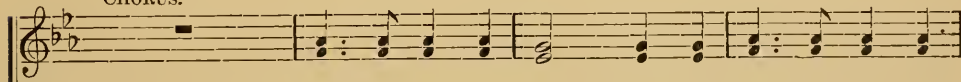


end - ed, And part - ing days have come. Sin no more shall tempt me;  
hours, Fa - ther, When life's troub - les come; Keep my feet from wand - ring,




Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If thou'lt on - ly lead me, Fa - ther, Lead me gently home.  
Lest from Thee I roam, Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me gently home.

## CHORUS.



Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly;  
Lead me gen - tly home Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther



Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me gen - tly home.  
gently home.



Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. When the ear - ly morn - ing break - ing, Slum - ber from my eye - lids  
 2. Some - times dark clouds hang o'er me Not one step I see be -  
 3. Gen - tle ev - en - tide is near - ing, Light from heav - en dis - ap -

shak - ing, Come the bless - ed tho't with wak - ing, I am in His  
 fore me; Still my Sav - iour, I a - dore Thee, I am in His  
 pear - ing, Still the bless - ed tho't so cheer - ing, I am in His

keep - ing. Day ad - vanc - es, la - bor bring - ing, Care, her man - tle round me  
 keep - ing. I can trust His hand to guide me. 'Neath His wings He'll safe - ly  
 keep - ing. Now night's cur - tains gath - er round me, Yet its dan - gers have not

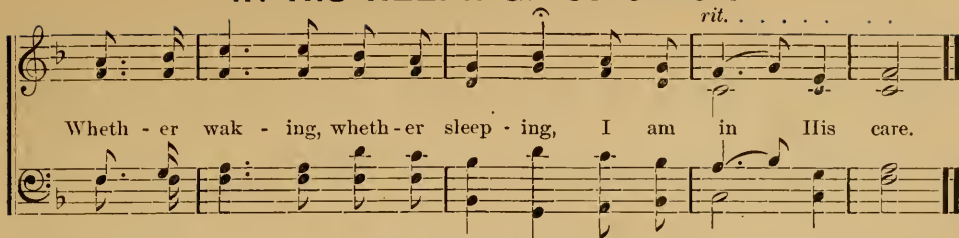
fling - ing, Yet midst all my soul keeps sing - ing, I am in His care.  
 hide me, And no harm can e'er be - tide me, I am in His care.  
 found me, For His an - gel guards sur - round me, I am in His care.

## CHORUS.

I am in my Fa - ther's keep - ing, I am in His ten - der care.



# IN HIS KEEPING.—Concluded.



Wheth - er wak - ing, wheth - er sleep - ing, I am in His care.

No. 16.

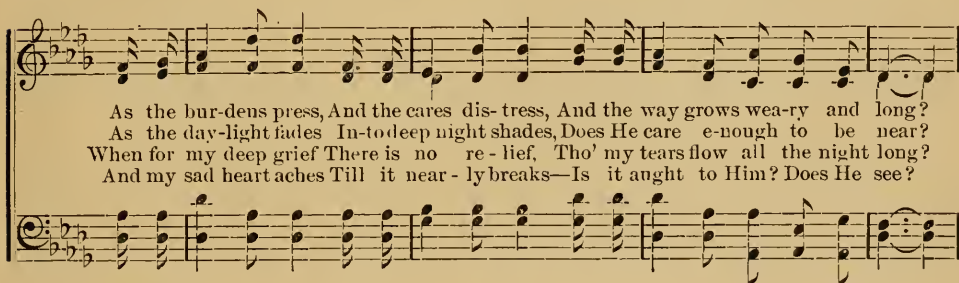
## DOES JESUS CARE?

REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

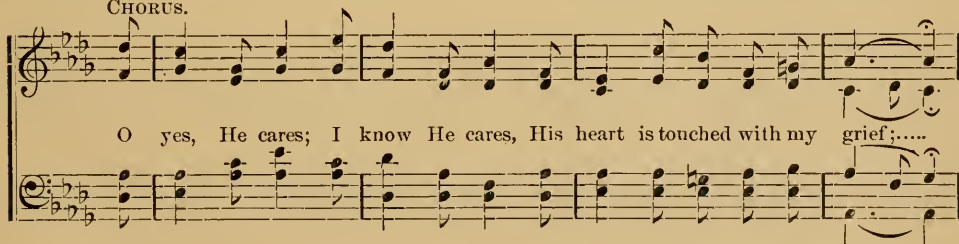


1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for mirth or song;  
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less dread and fear?  
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp - ta - tion strong;  
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dear - est on earth to me,

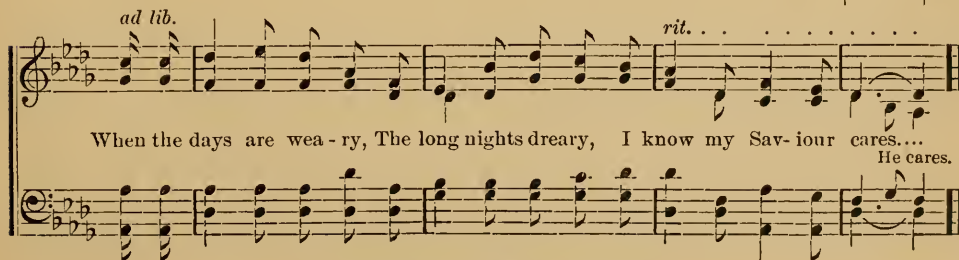


As the bur - dens press, And the cares dis - tress, And the way grows wea - ry and long?  
As the day - light fades In - to deep night shades, Does He care e - nough to be near?  
When for my deep grief There is no re - lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?  
And my sad heart aches Till it near - ly breaks—Is it aught to Him? Does He see?

CHORUS.



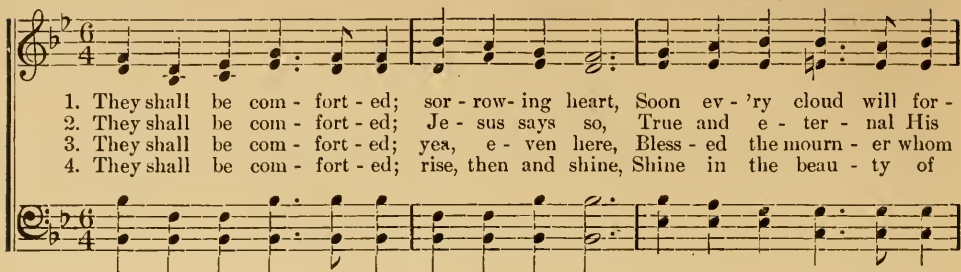
O yes, He cares; I know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief;....



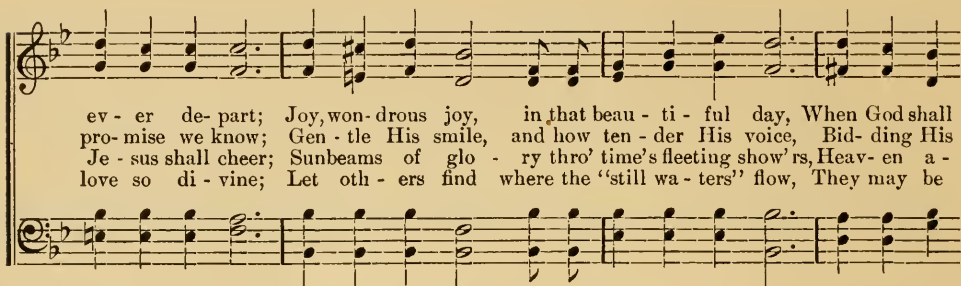
When the days are wea - ry, The long nights dreary, I know my Sav - iour cares....  
He cares.

E. E. HEWITT.

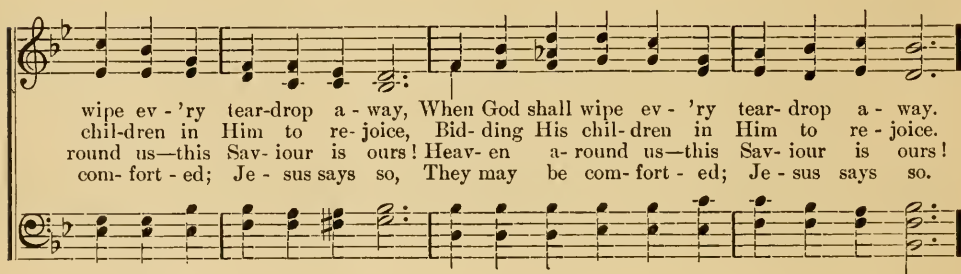
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. They shall be com - fort - ed; sor - row - ing heart, Soon ev - 'ry cloud will for -  
 2. They shall be com - fort - ed; Je - sus says so, True and e - ter - nal His  
 3. They shall be com - fort - ed; yea, e - ven here, Bless - ed the mourn - er whom  
 4. They shall be com - fort - ed; rise, then and shine, Shine in the beau - ty of

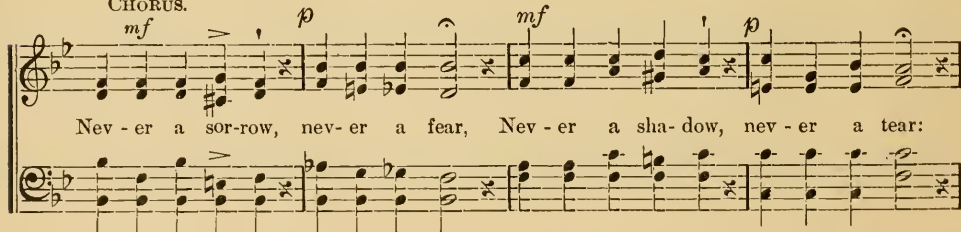


ev - er de - part; Joy, won - drous joy, in that beau - ti - ful day, When God shall  
 pro - mise we know; Gen - tle His smile, and how ten - der His voice, Bid - ding His  
 Je - sus shall cheer; Sunbeams of glo - ry thro' time's fleeting show'rs, Heav - en a -  
 love so di - vine; Let oth - ers find where the "still wa - ters" flow, They may be

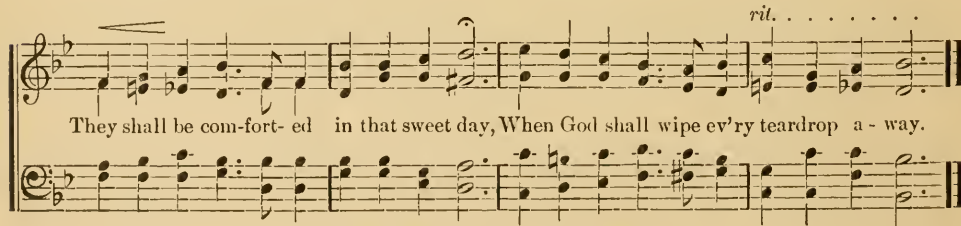


wipe ev - 'ry tear-drop a - way, When God shall wipe ev - 'ry tear-drop a - way.  
 chil - dren in Him to re - joice, Bid - ding His chil - dren in Him to re - joice.  
 round us - this Sav - iour is ours! Heav - en a - round us - this Sav - iour is ours!  
 com - fort - ed; Je - sus says so, They may be com - fort - ed; Je - sus says so.

## CHORUS.



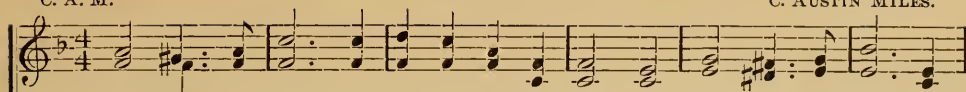
Nev - er a sor - row, nev - er a fear, Nev - er a sha - dow, nev - er a tear:



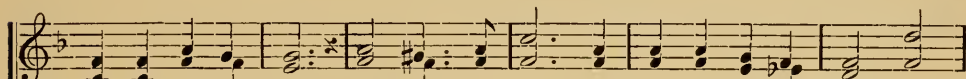
They shall be com - fort - ed in that sweet day, When God shall wipe ev'ry teardrop a - way.

C. A. M.

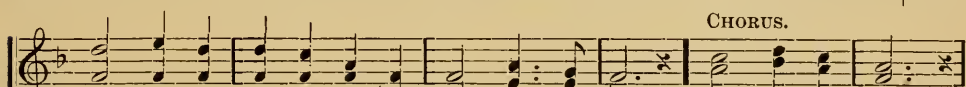
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. Close, close to Thee! In childhood's fleet-ing mo - ments; Close to Thy side in  
 2. Close, close to Thee! There e - vil can - not harm me; Close to Thy side O  
 3. Close, close to Thee! Thy hand shall ev - er guide me; Thee will I trust, e'en  
 4. Close, close to Thee! When shades of ev'-ning gath - er; When thro' the, vale no

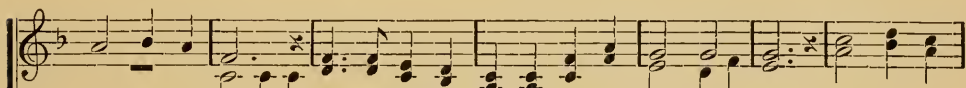


youth's bright hours I'll be, Thee will I trust, when sor-row o-verwhelms me,  
 may I ev - er be; Tho' dark the night, the morn-ing still shall find me,  
 tho' I can-not see; I am con-tent if Thou wilt be my guard - ian;  
 gleam of light I see; When morn-ing breaks in that ce - les - tial cit - y,




CHORUS.

If Thou but keep me, Sav-iour, close, close to Thee. } Close, close to Thee,  
 With faith renewed and strengthen'd, still close to Thee. }  
 I am con-tent, my Sav-iour, close, close to Thee. }  
 O may it find me, Sav-iour, close, close to Thee. } Close, close to



close, close to Thee; O my blessed Sav-iour, keep me close to Thee; Close, close to  
 Thee; Close, close to Thee; close, to Thee;



rit. . . . . p

Thee, close, close to Thee; O my bless-ed Sav-iour, keep me close, close to Thee.  
 Close, close to Thee, close, close to Thee, my

S. C. KIRK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

SOPRANO AND TENOR DUET. FOR QUARTET, USE SMALL NOTES

1. I'm look-ing 'be-yond to the cit-y of light Whose gates never close, where there  
 2. I'm look-ing be-yond to the land of the blest Where earth's weary ones are for  
 3. I'm look-ing be-yond, o'er the white crys-tal sea, Where loved ones now stand and are  
 4. I'm look-ing be-yond, where the race has been run; Earth's crosses are lost and a  
 5. I'm look-ing be-yond to the cit-y where He A mansion in glo-ry is

nev-er is night; Where songs never cease and where praise to the King Is ev-er and  
 ev-er at rest; I see the great host of the white-rob-ed throng! I hear the glad  
 wait-ing for me; In mel-o-dy sweet, I can hear them pro-long The strains of the  
 crown has been won. Al-read-y a host of the con-quer-ing throng A-re well-ing the  
 keep-ing for me! I'm look-ing be-yond to the day when my soul Shall join in the

## CHORUS.

ev-er the song that they sing!  
 cho-rus! it ech-oes a-long!  
 won-der-ful, won-der-ful song!  
 notes of the vic-to-ry song!  
 strains that e-ter-nal-ly roll.

I'm look-ing be-yond, to the cit-y of

light, Whose gates nev-er close, Where there nev-er is night; I'm look-ing be-

yond, o'er the white crys-tal sea; I'm look-ing, I'm look-ing, I'm look-ing be-yond.



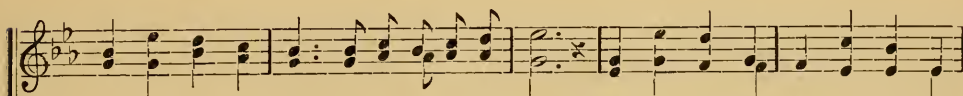
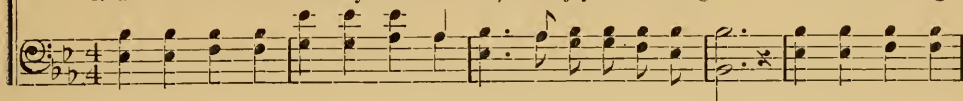
# No. 20. IN THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND.

DELOSS EVERETT.

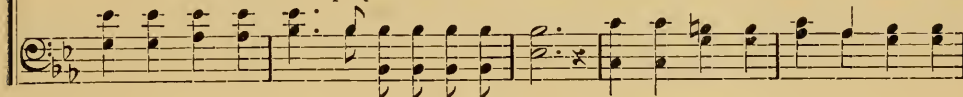
WM. CASSELL.



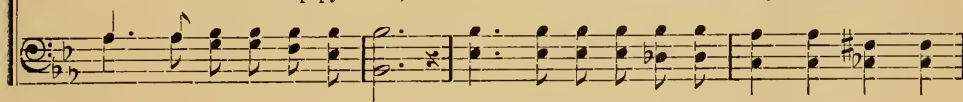
1. I am saved in Christ my Sav- iour, And my sins are all for-given, Now by faith I'm
2. I am saved in Christ my Sav- iour; Tho' the waves about me roll, I am on the
3. I am saved in Christ my Sav- iour! Oh, what joy to me is given! For I'm thinking



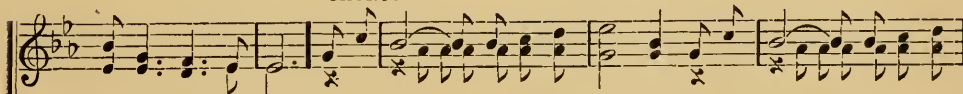
trav'ling on- ward To my home in yonder heav'n; Earth-ly cares may oft sur-round me,  
Rock of A - ges, And He saves my trusting soul; And I know, if I am faith-ful,  
of 'the man-sion He's prepared for me in heaven; There are ma - ny, ma - ny man-sions



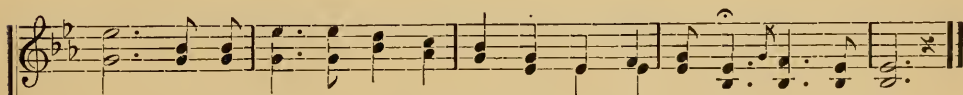
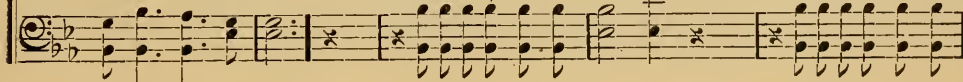
Tri - als come on ev-'ry hand— But my Saviour keeps me safe - ly In the  
I shall see Him in that land, For His promise is He'll keep me In the  
For them in that hap-py land, Who will have the Saviour keep them In the



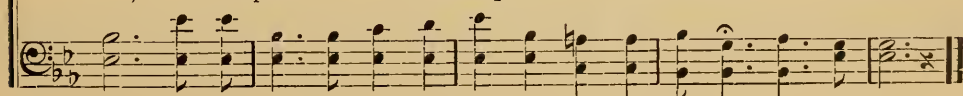
## CHORUS.



hol-low of His hand. And I know, if I am faith-ful, I shall see..... Him in that



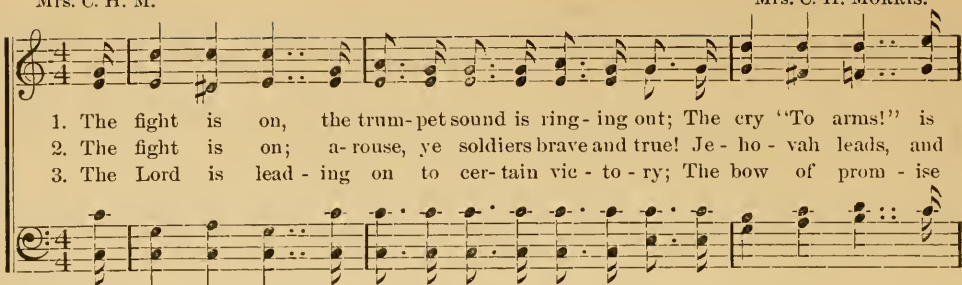
land, For His prom - ise is He'll keep me In the hol- low of His hand.



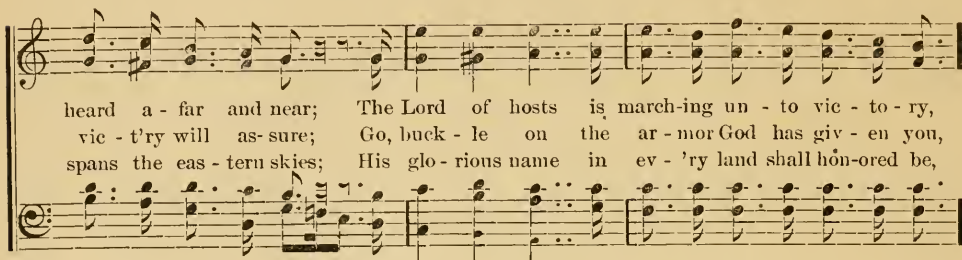


Mrs. C. H. M.

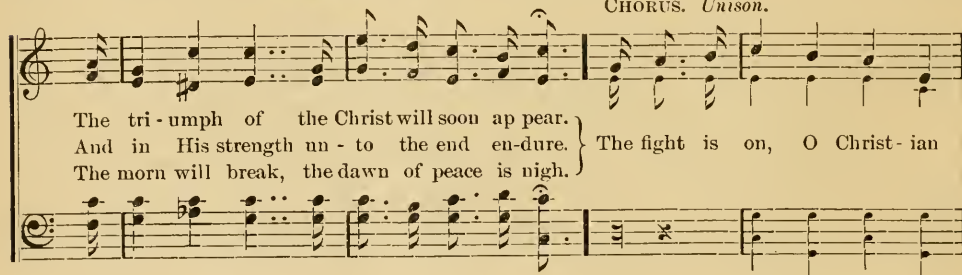
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



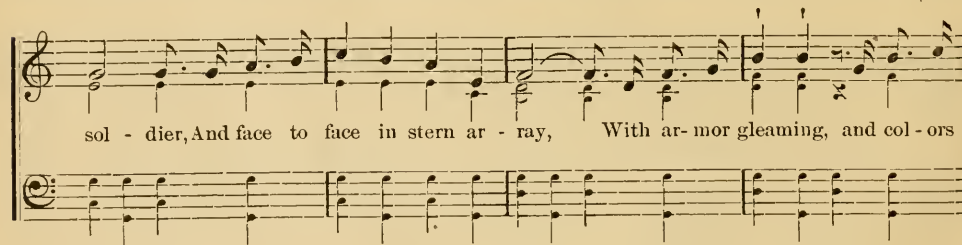
1. The fight is on, the trum-pet sound is ring-ing out; The cry "To arms!" is  
 2. The fight is on; a-rouse, ye soldiers brave and true! Je-ho-vah leads, and  
 3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry; The bow of prom-ise



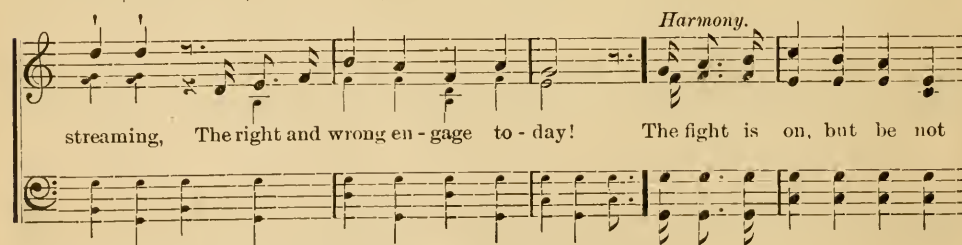
heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing un-to vic-to-ry,  
 vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go, buck-le on the ar-mor God has giv-en you,  
 spans the eas-tern skies; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry land shall hon-ored be,

CHORUS. *Unison.*


The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.  
 And in His strength un-to the end en-dure. } The fight is on, O Christ-ian  
 The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.



sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray, With ar-mor gleaming, and col-ors



streaming, The right and wrong en-gage to-day! The fight is on, but be not

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NOTE.—Can be used for Temperance.

# THE FIGHT IS ON.—Concluded.

wea - ry; Be strong and in His might hold fast; If God be

for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!  
vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry!

## No. 22.

## MOMENTS OF BLESSING.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Rich are the moments of blessing Je-sus my Sav-iour be-stows;  
2. Rich are the moments of blessing, Love-ly, and hal-low-ed, and sweet,  
3. Why should I ev-er grow wea-ry? Why should I faint by the way?  
4. Though by the mist and the shad-ow Sometimes my sky may be dim,

Pure is the well of sal - va - tion Fresh from His mer - cy that flows.  
When from my la - bor at noon-tide Calm - ly I rest at His feet.  
Has He not prom - ised to give me Strength for the toils of the day?  
Rich are the mo - ments of bless - ing Spent in com - mu - nion with Him.

*D.S.*—Spreading a beau - ti - ful rain - bow O - ver the val - ley of tears.


### CHORUS.

*D.S.*

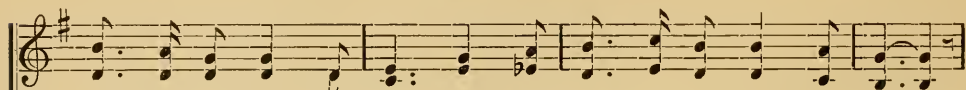
Ev - er He walk-eth be-side me, Bright - ly His sunshine ap-pears,  
Ev - er, yes, ev - er Brightly His sunshine,

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

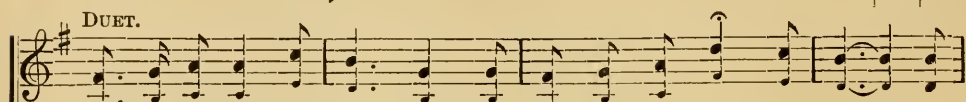


1. On - ly a beam of sun - shine, But oh, it was warm and bright; The  
 2. On - ly a beam of sun - shine, That in - to a dwell - ing crept, Where,  
 3. On - ly a word for Je - sus! Oh, speak it in His dear name; To



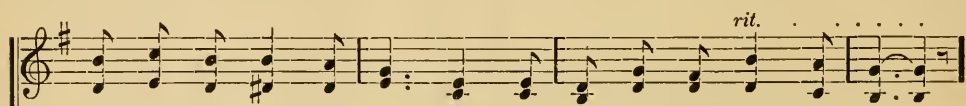
heart of a wea - ry trav - 'ler Was cheered by its wel - come sight.  
 o - ver a fad - ing rose - bud, A moth - er her vig - il kept.  
 per - ish - ing souls a - round you The mes - sage of love pro - claim.

DUET.




On - ly a beam of sun - shine That fell from the arch a - bove, And  
 On - ly a beam of sun - shine That smiled thro' her fall - ing tears, And  
 Go, like the faith - ful sun - beam, Your mis - sion of joy ful - fil; Re -

*rit.*



ten - der - ly, soft - ly whis - pered A mes - sage of peace and love.  
 showed her the bow of prom - ise, For - got - ten per - haps for years,  
 mem - ber the Sav - iour's prom - ise, That He will be with you still.

CHORUS.



On - ly a word for Je - sus, On - ly a whis - pered pray'r

# ONLY A BEAM OF SUNSHINE.—Concluded.

*rit.* . . . . .

O - ver some grief- worn spir - it May rest like a sun - beam fair.

## No. 24.

## SATISFIED.

MINNIE DIETRICH.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Some day, when all my heartaches cease, And I shall rest in per - fect peace ;
2. Some day, these wea-ry eyes will close, And I shall sink to sweet re - pose ;
3. Some day, when burdens are laid down, And I re - ceive the vic - tor's crown ;
4. Some day, when on my list'ning ear, Shall fall the song of heav-'nly cheer ;

Where pain and care can - not an - noy, Then sweetest plea-sures I'll en - joy.  
 Then I shall wake in glad sur - prise, And in my Sav - iour's sim - age rise.  
 I shall be free from ev - 'ry fear, And God will wipe a - way each tear.  
 When I shall tread the gold-en street, And there my pre - cious loved ones greet.

### CHORUS.

*rit.* . . . . .

And I'll be sat - is-fied, Yes, I'll be satisfied, When I shall stand redeemed by grace ; .....  
 redeemed by grace ;

*rit.* . . . . .

And I'll be sat - is-fied, Yes, I'll be sat - is-fied, When I shall see Him face to face.

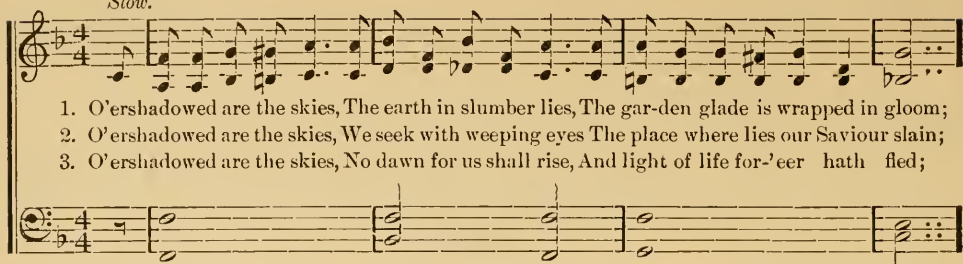


# No. 25. O'ERSHADOWED ARE THE SKIES.

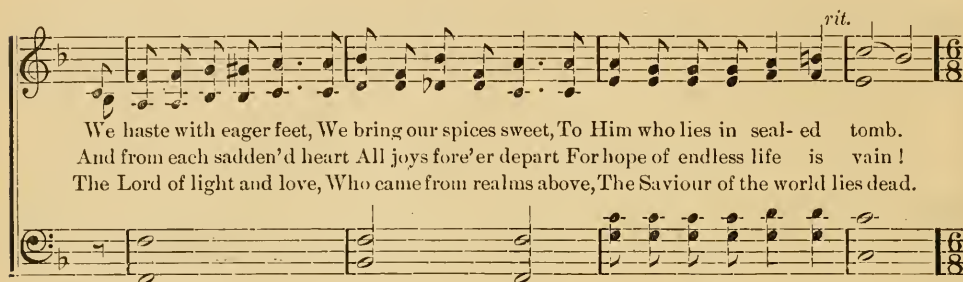
ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

*Slow.*

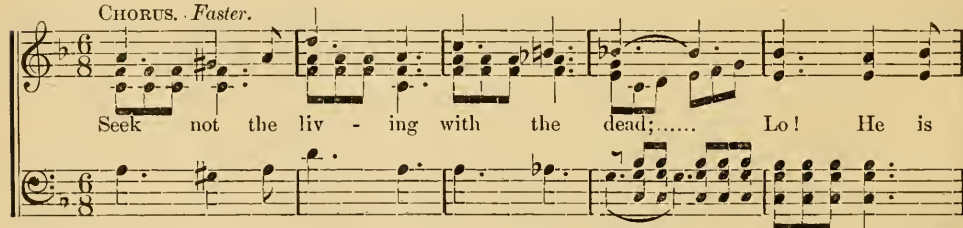


1. O'ershadowed are the skies, The earth in slumber lies, The gar-den glade is wrapped in gloom;  
2. O'ershadowed are the skies, We seek with weeping eyes The place where lies our Saviour slain;  
3. O'ershadowed are the skies, No dawn for us shall rise, And light of life for'er hath fled;

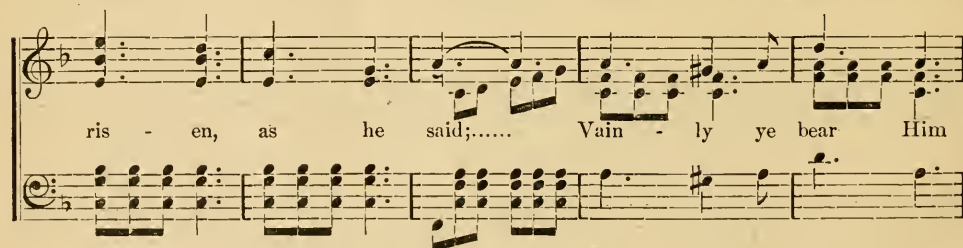


*rit.*  
We haste with eager feet, We bring our spices sweet, To Him who lies in seal-ed tomb.  
And from each sadden'd heart All joys fore'er depart For hope of endless life is vain!  
The Lord of light and love, Who came from realms above, The Saviour of the world lies dead.

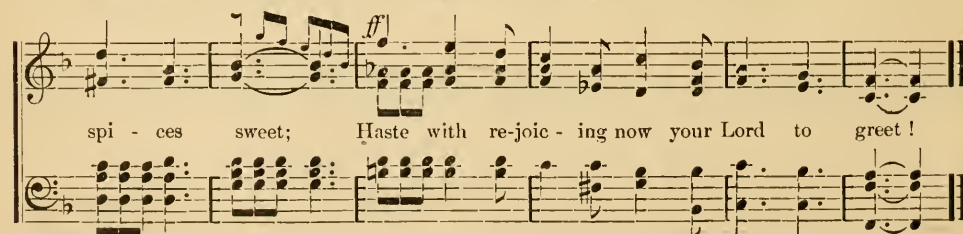
CHORUS. *Faster.*



Seek not the liv - ing with the dead;..... Lo! He is



ris - en, as he said;..... Vain - ly ye bear Him



spi - ces sweet; Haste with re-joic - ing now your Lord to greet!

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NOTE.—Can be used for Easter.



1. When I shall reach the more ex - cel - lent glo - ry, And all my  
 2. We shall not wait till the glo - ri - ous dawn - ing Breaks on the  
 3. More and more like Him, re - peat the blest sto - ry, O - ver and

tri - als are passed, I shall be - hold Him, O won - der - ful sto - ry!  
 vis - ion so fair, Now we may wel - come the heav - en - ly morn - ing,  
 o - ver a - gain; Changed by His spir - it from glo - ry to glo - ry,

CHORUS.

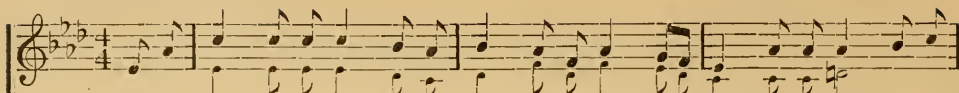
I shall be like Him at last.  
 Now we His im - age may bear. } I shall be like Him, I shall be  
 I shall be sat - is - tied then. }

like Him, And in His beau - ty shall shine; I shall be like Him,

won - drous - ly like Him, Je - sus, my Sav - iour di - vine.

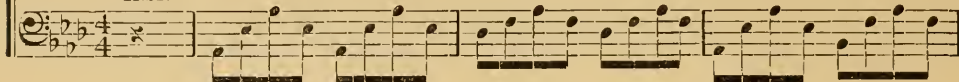
HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

HERBERT D. LOTHROP.



1. We are build-ing in sor-row, and build-ing in joy, A tem-ple the world cannot
2. Ev-'ry deed forms a part in this build-ing of ours, That is done in the name of the
3. Then be watchful and wise, let the tem-ple we rear Be one that no tem-pest can

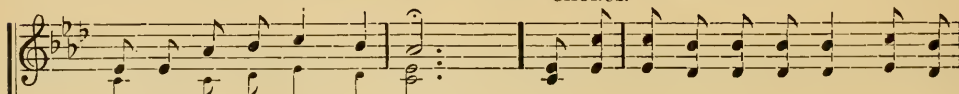
INST.



see; But we know it will stand if we found it on a rock, Thro' the  
 Lord; For the love that we show and the kind-ness we be-stow, He has  
 shock; For the Mas-ter has said, and He taught us in His word, We must



CHORUS.



a-ges of e-ter-ni-ty. } We are build-ing day by day, as the  
 prom-ised us a bright re-ward. }  
 build up-on the sol-id rock. }



mo-ments glide a-way, Our tem-ple, which the world may not see;  
 which the world may not see;



Ev-'ry vic-t'ry won by grace Will be sure to find its place



# BUILDING DAY BY DAY.—Concluded.

*rit.* . . . . .

In our build-ing for e - ter - ni - ty. e - ter - ni - ty.  
for e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 28.

## JOY AND LIGHT.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

J. BARNEY.

1. Joy and light, joy and light, O - ver the crys - tal sea ; Come, come,  
2. Love and rest, love and rest, Car - ol in sil - ver tone ; Glad songs,  
3. Voice di - vine, voice di - vine, Speak and our souls shall hear ; Sweet, sweet

*sf* *p* *mf*

soft and bright, O - ver the crys - tal sea. Come on your snow - y  
pure and blest, Car - ol in sil - ver tone. Come from the fade - less  
words are thine, Speak and our souls shall hear. Tell of a cloud-less

*pp* *f*

pin - ions white, Come in the si - lent calm of night, Watch when the  
flow'rs that grow, Come from the spark - ling streams that flow, Come in the  
re - gion fair, Tell of the ma - ny man - sions there, Speak to the

*p* *rall. e dim.* *pp*

pale stars keep, Bring the troubled one, bring the wea - ry one sleep. . . . .  
mid - night deep, Bring the troubled one, bring the wea - ry one sleep. . . . .  
hearts that weep, Bring the troubled one, bring the wea - ry one sleep. . . . .

FANNY J. CROSBY.  
*Solo ad lib.*

(JOHN iii. 16.)

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God loved the world so ten-der-ly His on - ly Son He gave, That all who on His  
 2. Oh, love that on - ly God can feel, And on - ly He can show! Its height and depth, its  
 3. Why perish, then, ye ransom'd ones? Why slight the gracious call? Why turn from Him whose  
 4. O Sav-iour, melt these hearts of ours, And teach us to be-lieve That who-so - ev - er

## CHORUS.

name be-lieve Its wondrous pow'r will save.  
 length and breadth Nor heav'n nor earth can know! } For God so loved the world that He  
 words proclaim E - ter - nal life to all.  
 comes to Thee Shall end - less life re-ceive.

gave His on - ly Son, That who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him

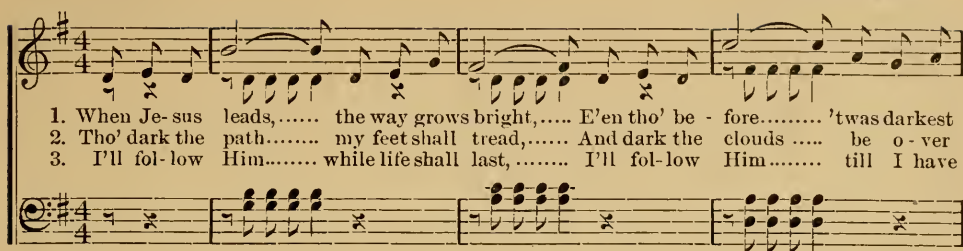
Should not per - ish, should not per - ish; That who - so - ev - er be -

liev - eth in Him Should not per - ish, but have ev - er - last - ing life.

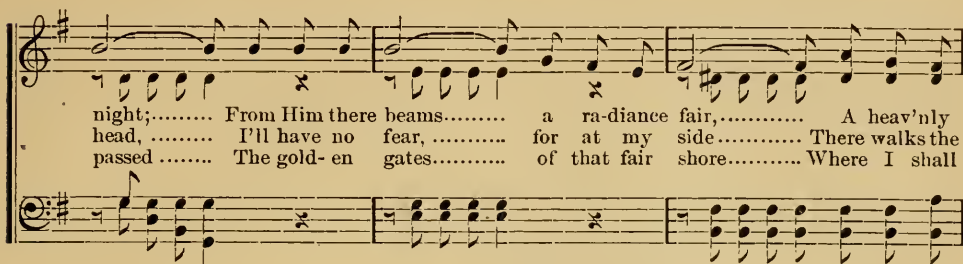


A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



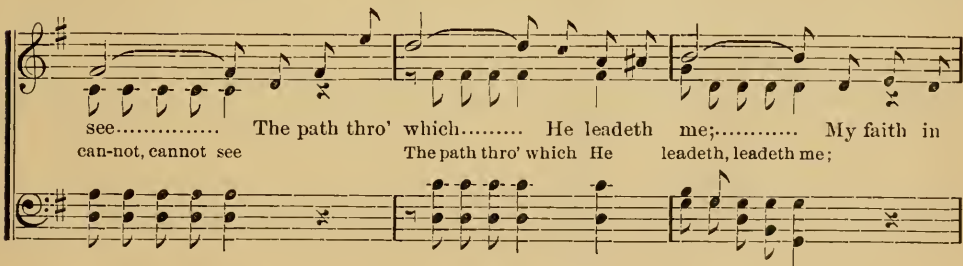
1. When Je-sus leads,..... the way grows bright,..... E'en tho' be - fore..... 'twas darkest  
2. Tho' dark the path..... my feet shall tread,..... And dark the clouds ..... be o - ver  
3. I'll fol-low Him..... while life shall last,..... I'll fol-low Him..... till I have



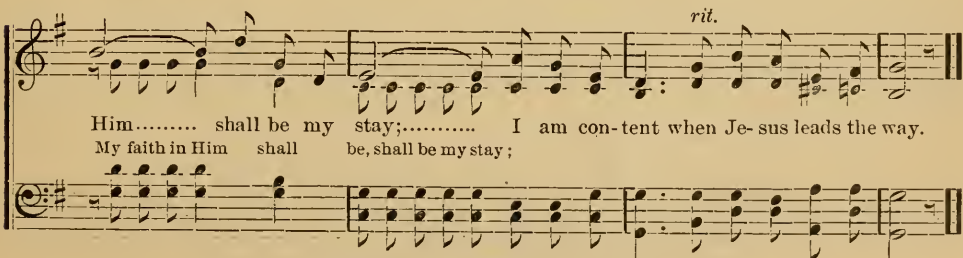
night;..... From Him there beams..... a ra-diance fair,..... A heav'nly head, ..... I'll have no fear, ..... for at my side..... There walks the passed ..... The gold-en gates..... of that fair shore..... Where I shall



*rit.* light, a light be-yond com - pare. } I'll trust Him though..... I can-not  
Son, my falt'ring steps to guide. } I'll trust Him though I  
rest with Him for - ev - er - more.



see..... The path thro' which..... He leadeth me;..... My faith in can-not, cannot see The path thro' which He leadeth, leadeth me;



*rit.* Him..... shall be my stay;..... I am con-tent when Je-sus leads the way.  
My faith in Him shall be, shall be my stay;

CARRIE M. WILSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sing on, ye joy-ful pil-grims, Nor think the moments long; My faith is heav'nward  
 2. Sing on, ye joy-ful pil-grims, While here on earth we stay; Let songs of home and  
 3. Sing on, ye joy-ful pil-grims, The time will not be long; Till in our Fa-ther's

ris-ing With ev-'ry tune-ful song; Lo! on the mount of bless-ing, The  
 Je-sus Be-guile each fleet-ing day; Sing on the grand old sto-ry Of  
 king-dom We swell a no-bler song; Where those we love are wait-ing To

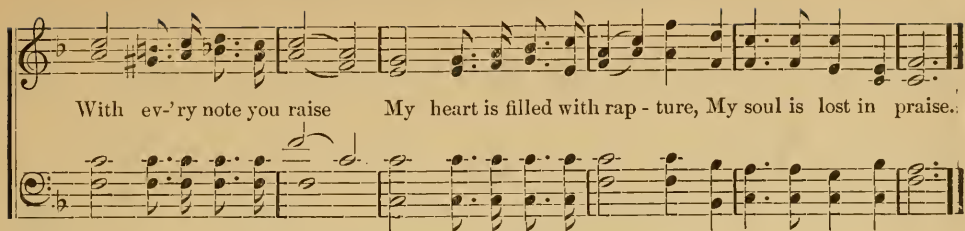
glo-rious mount I stand, And look-ing o-ver Jor-dan, I see the promised land!  
 His re-deem-ing love; The ev-er-last-ing cho-rus That fills the realms a-bove.  
 greet us on the shore, We'll meet beyond the riv-er, Where sur-ges roll no more.

## CHORUS.

Sing on; O bliss-ful mu-sic, With ev-'ry note you raise, My heart is fill'd with

rap-ture, My soul is lost in praise. Sing on; O bliss-ful mu-sic,  
 Sing on; bliss-ful,

# SING ON.—Concluded.



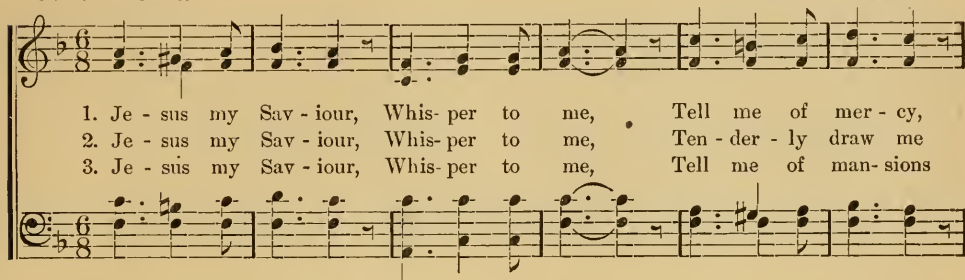
With ev-'ry note you raise My heart is filled with rap - ture, My soul is lost in praise.

## No. 32.


## WHISPER TO ME.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

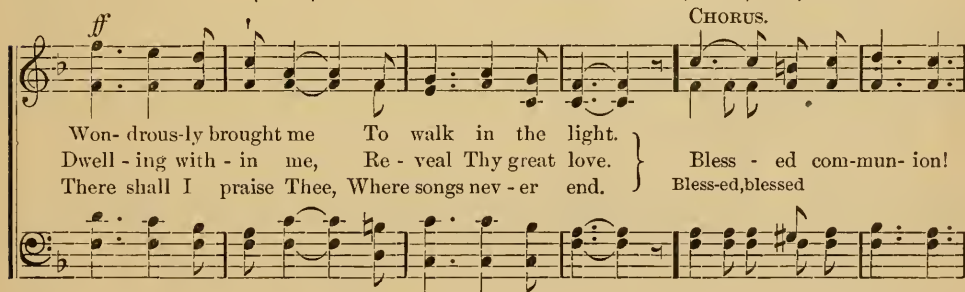
JAMES N. CLEMMER.



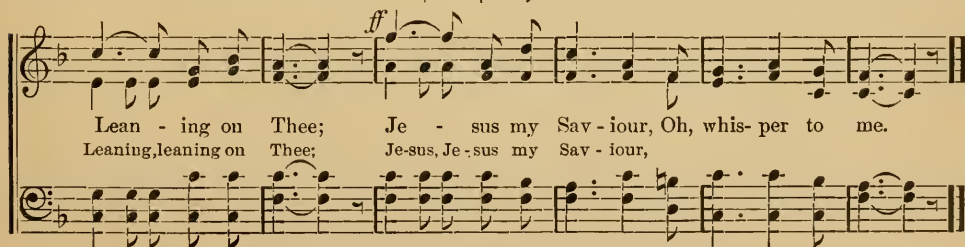
1. Je - sus my Sav - iour, Whis - per to me, Tell me of mer - cy,  
2. Je - sus my Sav - iour, Whis - per to me, Ten - der - ly draw me  
3. Je - sus my Sav - iour, Whis - per to me, Tell me of man - sions



Bound - less and free; Mer - cy that sought me Thro' the dark night,  
Near - er to Thee; Oh, let Thy Spir - it, Heav - en - ly Dove,  
O - ver the sea; There bless - ed voic - es Joy - ful - ly blend,



**CHORUS.**  
Won - drous - ly brought me To walk in the light.  
Dwell - ing with - in me, Re - veal Thy great love. } Bless - ed com - mun - ion!  
There shall I praise Thee, Where songs nev - er end. } Bless - ed, blessed

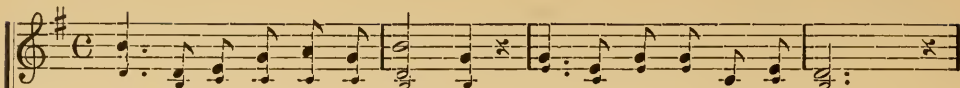


Lean - ing on Thee; Je - sus my Sav - iour, Oh, whis - per to me.  
Leaning, leaning on Thee; Je - sus, Je - sus my Sav - iour,

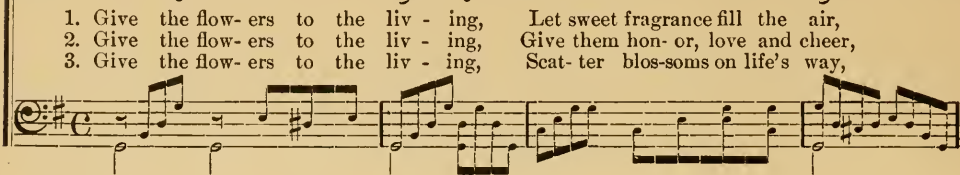
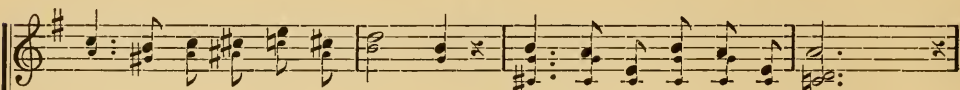
# No. 33. GIVE THE FLOWERS TO THE LIVING.

W. L. T.

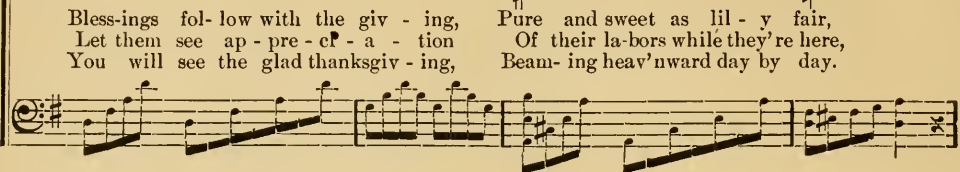
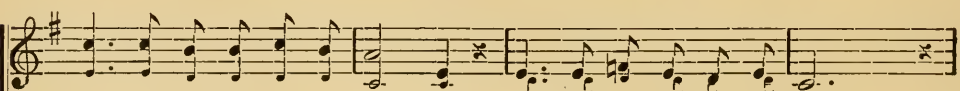
WILL L. THOMPSON.



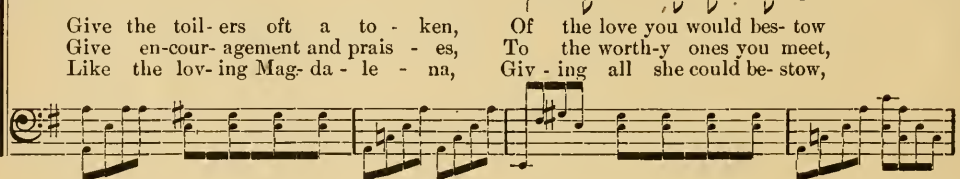
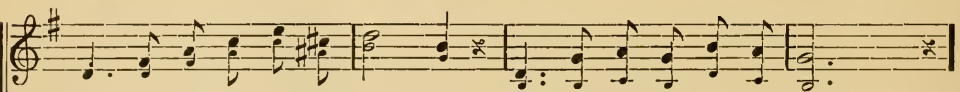
1. Give the flow-ers to the liv - ing, Let sweet fragrance fill the air,  
 2. Give the flow-ers to the liv - ing, Give them hon- or, love and cheer,  
 3. Give the flow-ers to the liv - ing, Scat- ter blos-soms on life's way,

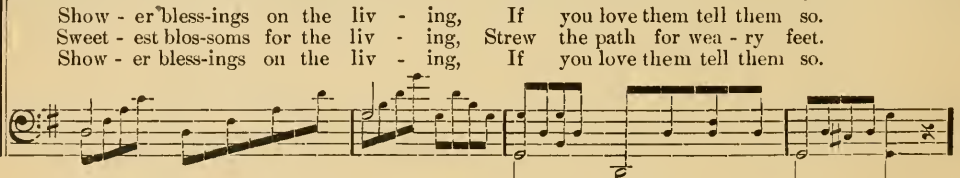
Bless-ings fol- low with the giv - ing, Pure and sweet as lil - y fair,  
 Let them see ap - pre - c' - a - tion, Of their la-bors while they're here,  
 You will see the glad thankgiv - ing, Beam- ing heav'nward day by day.

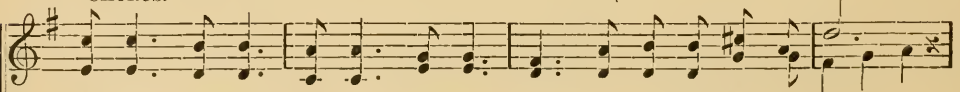
Give the toil-ers oft a to - ken, Of the love you would bes- tow  
 Give en-cour - age ment and prais - es, To the worth-y ones you meet,  
 Like the lov - ing Mag - da - le - na, Giv - ing all she could be- stow,

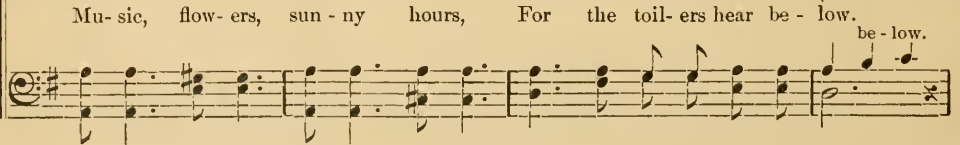
Show - er bless-ings on the liv - ing, If you love them tell them so.  
 Sweet - est blos-soms for the liv - ing, Strew the path for wea - ry feet.  
 Show - er bless-ings on the liv - ing, If you love them tell them so.



## CHORUS.



Mu- sic, flow- ers, sun - ny hours, For the toil-ers hear be - low.  
 be - low.





# GIVE THE FLOWERS, etc.—Concluded.

Give the flow - ers to the liv - ing, If you love them tell them so.

## No. 34.

## REST, QUIET REST.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On - ly a look from my Sav - iour, On - ly a clasp of His hand,  
2. On - ly a look from my Sav - iour, When I am la - dened with care,  
3. On - ly a look from my Sav - iour, On - ly a sense of His love,

On - ly to watch for His bid - ding, On - ly to wait His com - mand;  
On - ly a mes - sage of mer - cy, Whis - pered in an - swer to pray'r;  
Draw - ing me near - er and near - er, Home to His king - dom a - bove;

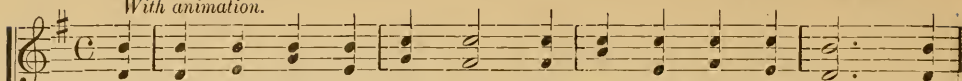
On - ly to fol - low Him ev - er, Aid - ing the poor and op - pressed,  
On - ly to gath - er the wear - ry In - to the fold of the blest,  
On - ly to work for His glo - ry, Faith - ful - ly do - ing my best,

Af - ter the lab - or is end - ed, Shall come qui - et rest.

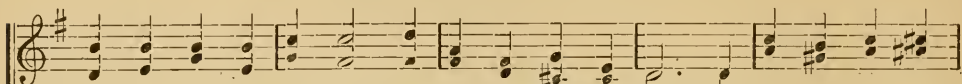
# No. 35. THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD FOR JESUS.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

*With animation.*



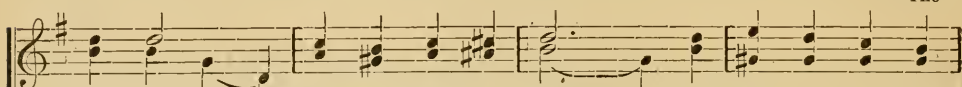
1. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Once more be - fore we part, Ring  
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus! From out the Gold - en Gate, Through  
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Its hearts and homes and thrones; Ring



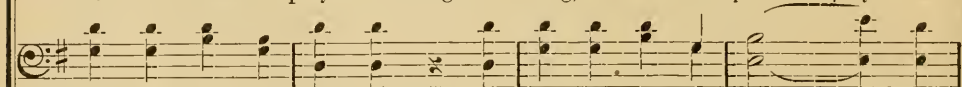
out the joy - ful watch-word From ev - 'ry grate - ful heart; The whole wide world for  
all the South Sea Is - lands, To Chi - na's prince - ly state; From In - dia's vales and  
out a - gain the watch-word In loud and joy - ous tones; The whole wide world for



The  
From  
The

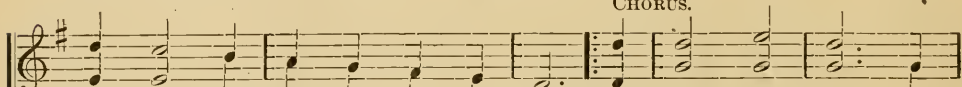


Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle cry;..... The Cru - ci - fied shall  
moun-tains, Through Per - sia's land of bloom,..... To sto - ried Pal - es -  
Je - sus! With pray'r the song we'll sing,..... And speed the pray'r with



whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle cry shall  
In - dia's vales and moun-tains, Through Per - sia's land of bloom, Pal - es -  
whole wide world for Je - sus! With pray'r the song we'll sing with

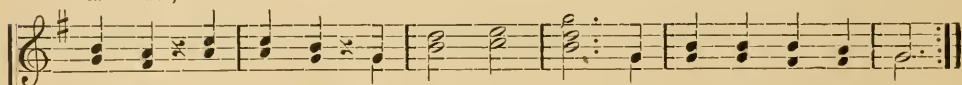
CHORUS.



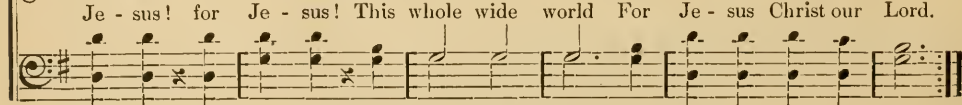
con - quer, And vic - to - ry is nigh. } This whole wide world For  
ti - na, And Af - ric's des - ert gloom. }  
la - bor, Till earth shall crown Him King. }



con - quer,  
ti - na,  
la - bor,



Je - sus! for Je - sus! This whole wide world For Je - sus Christ our Lord.



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NOTE.—Can be used for Missionary.

## No. 36.

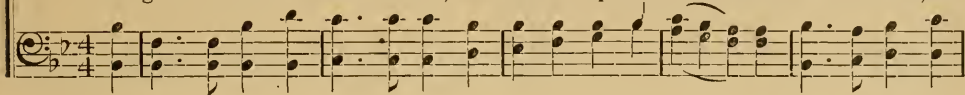
## THE SON OF GOD.

REGINALD HEBER.

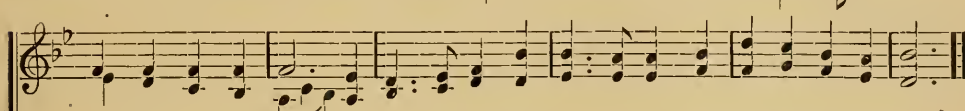
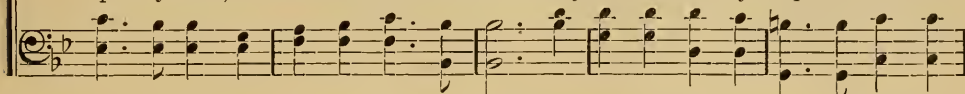
Dr. HENRY S. CUTLER.



1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His blood-red ban-ner
2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea- gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who saw his Mas-ter
3. A glo-rious band the chos-en few, On whom the Spir-it came: Twelve valliant saints, their



streams a-far; Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink His cup of woe, And  
in the sky, And call'd on Him to save: Like Him, with par-don on His tongue, In  
hope they knew, And mock'd the cross and flame. They clim'd the diz-zy steep to heav'n Thro'



tri-umph o-ver pain, Who patient bears His cross be-low—He fol-lows in His train.  
midst of mor-tal pain, He pray'd for them that did the wrong; Who fol-lows in His train.  
per-il, toil, and pain: O God! to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train.



## No. 37.

## HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

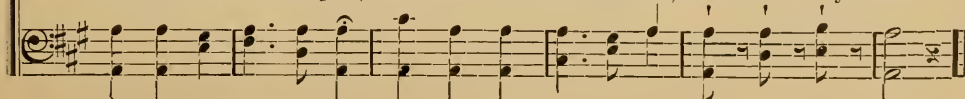
Scotch Melody.

*mf Adagio e Legato.**p**f*

1. { I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home; }
2. { Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home; } Dan-ger and sor-row stand
3. { What tho' the tempest rage? Heav'n is my home; }
4. { Short is my pil-grim-age, Heav'n is my home; } Time's cold and win-try blast



Round me on ev-'ry hand; Heav'n is my Father's land, Heav'n is my home.  
Soon will be o-ver-past; I shall reach home at last; Heav'n is my home.



## No. 38.

## ONLY A LITTLE BEYOND.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Con espress.*

1. On - ly a lit - tle be - yond! On - ly a lit - tle be - yond!  
 2. On - ly a lit - tle be - yond! On - ly a lit - tle be - yond!  
 3. On - ly a lit - tle be - yond! On - ly a lit - tle be - yond!

Where there is nev - er - more sick - ness nor pain, No muf - fled min - or to ju - bi - lant strain,  
 Oh, how our dear ones have gone from our sight, Stepped from the dawn into ful - ness of light,  
 Oh, what glad meetings some day there will be, When there to - geth - er our Sav - iour we'll see,

*mf* On - ly a lit - tle be - yond! *p ritardando.* On - ly a lit - tle be - yond!.....  
 a lit - tle be - yond!

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## No. 39.

## SUN OF MY SOUL.

J. KEEBLE.

(HURSLEY. L. M.)

W. H. MONK.

1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;  
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep, My wea - ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,  
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out Thee I can - not live;  
 4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere through the world my way I take;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes!  
 Be my last thought—how sweet to rest For ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast!  
 A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with - out Thee I dare not die.  
 A - bide with me till in Thy love I lose my - self in heav'n a - bove.



# No. 40. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Arr. from KOSCHAT.

Note. The melody is in the tenor part.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pas-tures, safe  
 2. Thro' the valley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my guardian, no  
 3. In the midst of af - flic-tion my ta - ble is spread; With blessings unmeasured my

fold - ed I rest; He leadeth my soul where the still wa-ters flow, Restores me when  
 ev - il I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be-  
 cup run-neth o'er; With perfume and oil Thou a-noint-est my head; O what shall I

*rall.* . . . . . *rit.* . . . . .  
 wand'ring, re - deems when oppressed, Restores me when wand'ring, re-deems when oppressed.  
 fall, with my Com-fort-er near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort-er near.  
 ask of Thy pro - vi-dence more? O what shall I ask of Thy pro - vi-dence more.

# No. 41.

# COME, SAID JESUS.

Mrs. ANNA L. BARBAULD.

(HORTON.)

X. S. VON WARTENSEE.

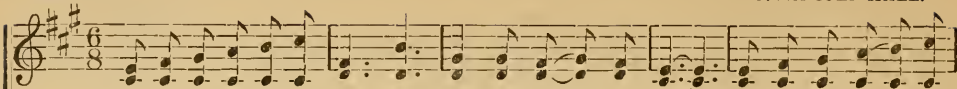
1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my path your choice;  
 2. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;  
 3. Hith - ther come, for here is found Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound.

*rit.* . . . . .  
 I will guide you to your home; Wea-ry pil-grim hith-er come.  
 Ye, by fierce-er an-guish torn, In re-morse for guilt who mourn.  
 Peace that ev-er shall en-dure, Rest e-ter-nal, sac-red, sure.

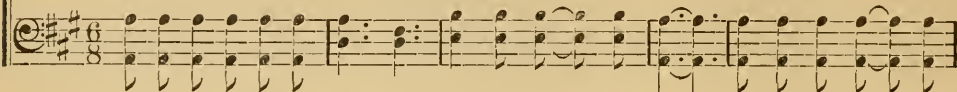
# No. 42. WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR JESUS?

EMILY P. MILLER.

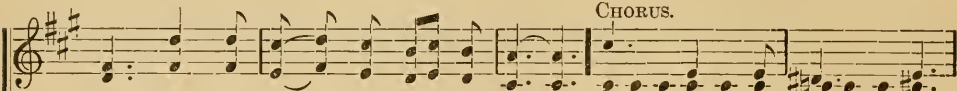
J. LINCOLN HALL.



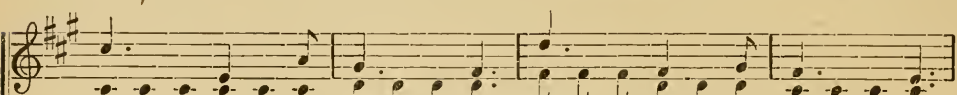
1. What are you doing for Je - sus As you journey thro' life? Sow-ing the grain for the
2. What are you doing for Je - sus? Are you striving each day, By lit-tle acts of
3. What are you doing for Je - sus As the days go by? Tell-ing the lone and the
4. What are you doing for Je - sus? Soon comes setting of sun; Hast-en and tell the glad



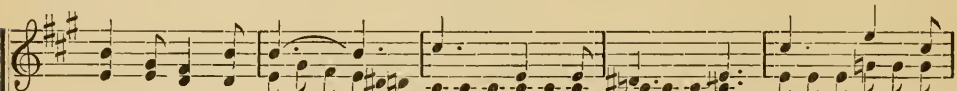
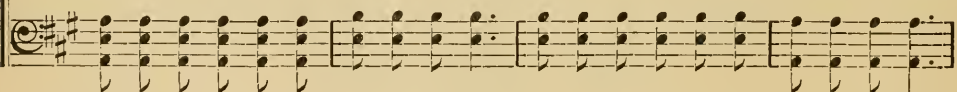
## CHORUS.



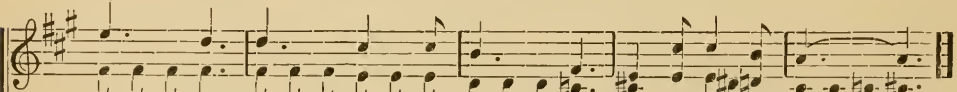
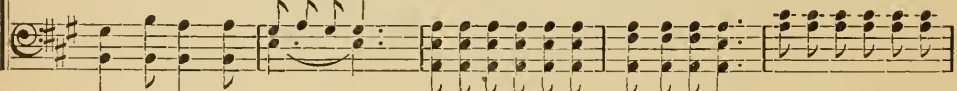
har - est, Or scat-ter-ing seeds of strife? What are you do - ing,  
 kind - ness, To bright - en some-one's way? }  
 wea - ry, Of rest be - yond the sky? }  
 ti - dings, Lest you leave some work un - done. What are you doing for Jesus your Friend?



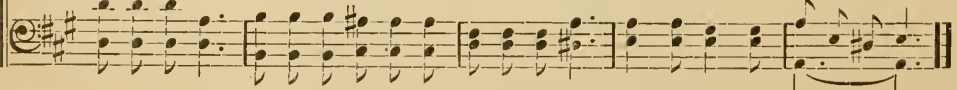
Do - ing for Je - sus? What are you do - ing,  
 What are you do - ing for Je - sus to-day? What are you do - ing for Je - sus your Friend?



As the days go by?..... What are you do - ing, Do - ing for  
 days go by? What are you doing for Jesus your Friend? What are you doing for

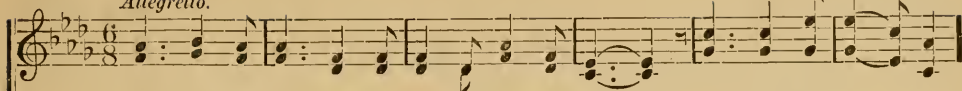


Je - sus? What are you do - ing, As the days go by?  
 Je - sus to-day? What are you do-ing for Je - sus your Friend, days go by?

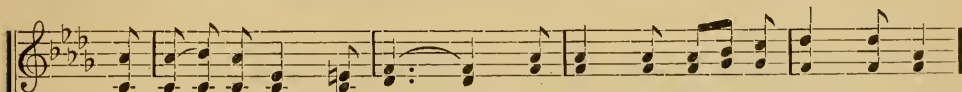
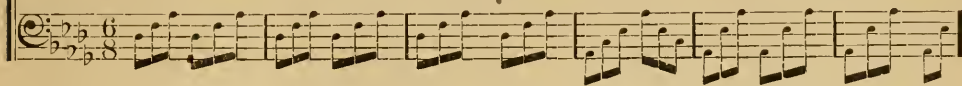


B. B.

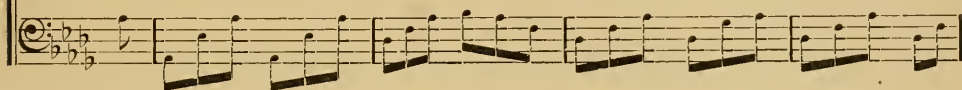
BALLINGTON BOOTH.

*Allegretto.*

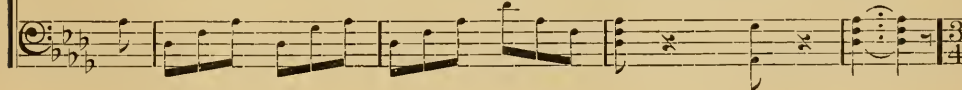
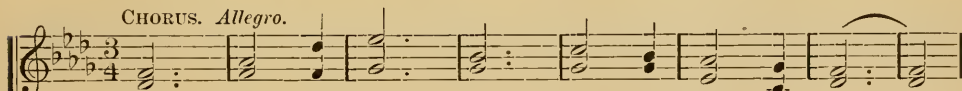
1. O - ver and o - ver I stood up-on the shore, O - ver and o - ver  
 2. O - ver and o - ver I've heard my Saviour's voice, O - ver and o - ver  
 3. O - ver and o - ver I'll sing this glo-rious song, O - ver and o - ver



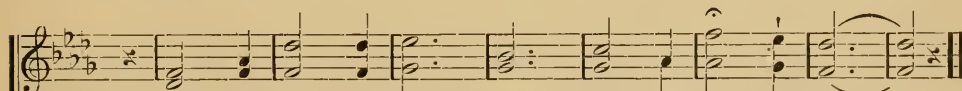
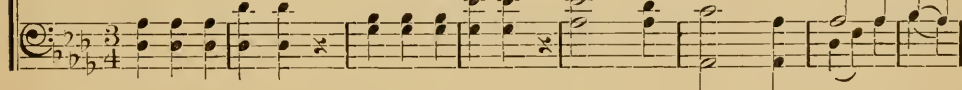
I said I would doubt no more; But as the sea came roll - ing in,  
 He said, "Make me your choice; Now face the waves and tread the sea,  
 Be - fore the gath - 'ring throng; How o'er my heart the sea pre-vailed,



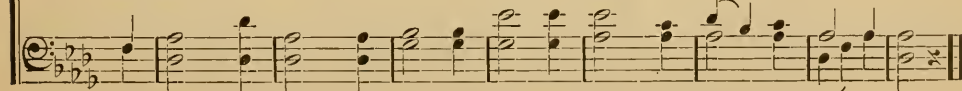
In bound - less waves that cleanse from sin, I doubt-ed their sav - ing pow'r.  
 Look up in faith and fol - low me;" I answered, "I'll prove their pow'r."  
 And how His love has nev - er failed, For - ev - er I'll trust His pow'r.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

O - ver and o - ver, Like a might - y sea,.....  
 O-ver and o-ver, o-ver and o-ver, Like a might - y, mighty sea,

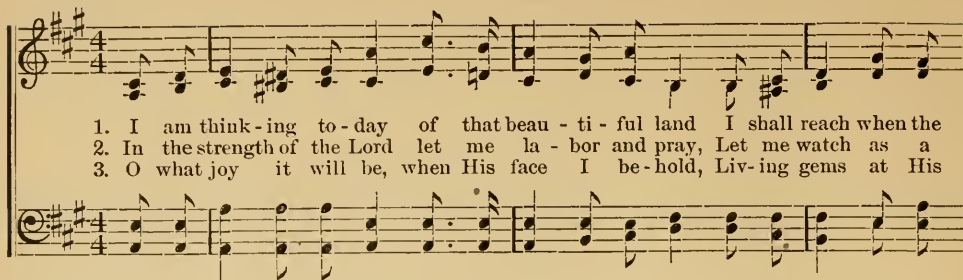


Comes the love of Je - sus Roll - ing o - ver me.....  
 There comes the love, the love of Je - sus Roll - ing, roll - ing o - ver me.

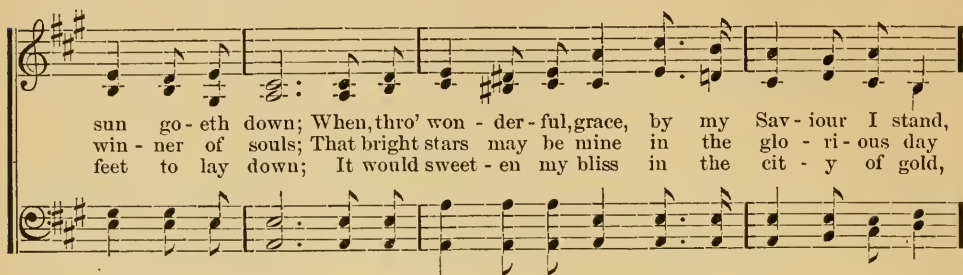


E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

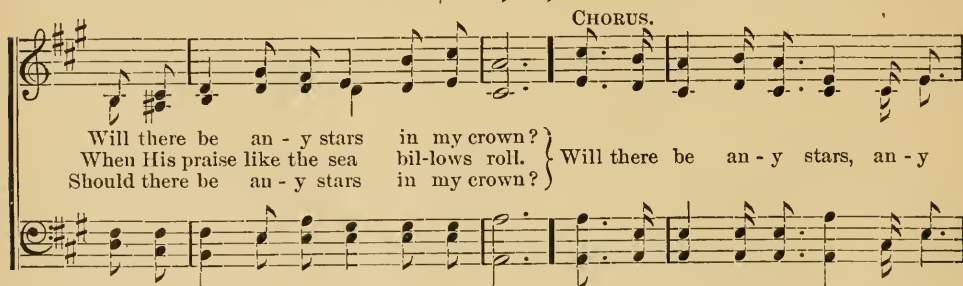


1. I am think - ing to - day of that beau - ti - ful land I shall reach when the  
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a  
 3. O what joy it will be, when His face I be - hold, Liv - ing gems at His

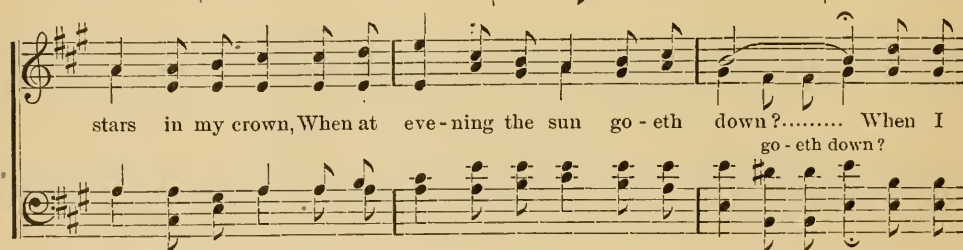


sun go - eth down; When, thro' won - der - ful, grace, by my Sav - iour I stand,  
 win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day  
 feet to lay down; It would sweet - en my bliss in the cit - y of gold,

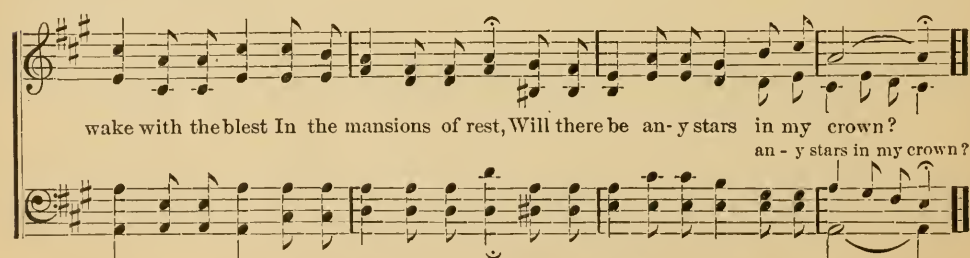
CHORUS.



Will there be an - y stars in my crown? }  
 When His praise like the sea bil - lows roll. } Will there be an - y stars, an - y  
 Should there be an - y stars in my crown? }



stars in my crown, When at eve - ning the sun go - eth down?..... When I  
 go - eth down?



wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?  
 an - y stars in my crown?



# No. 45. IN THE HUSH OF EARLY MORNING.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the hush of ear-ly morn-ing, When the breeze is whisp'ring low, There's a voice that  
 2. When the noontide falls up-on me, With its fer-vid light'ning ray, There's a voice di-  
 3. As the dew-y shades steal downward O'er the earth at eve-ning mild, There's a voice I  
 gen-tly calls me, And its ac-cents well I know! Here I am, O Sav-iour, waiting; For Thy  
 vine-ly earn-est, Bids me work while it is day; O - pen, Saviour, now be-fore me All Thy  
 love that whispers, "Af-ter la-bor, rest, my child!" O my Saviour, lov-ing, ten-der, Help me  
 will a - lone is mine, This is all my crown and glo-ry, I am Thine, and on - ly Thine!  
 will for me to do, On - ly help me, watching, working, Still to keep my Lord in view!  
 to ac-count it blest Thus to work with-in Thy vineyard, Till Thou callest me to rest!

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# No. 46.

## ROCK OF AGES.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

(TOPLADY.)

THOMAS HASTINGS.

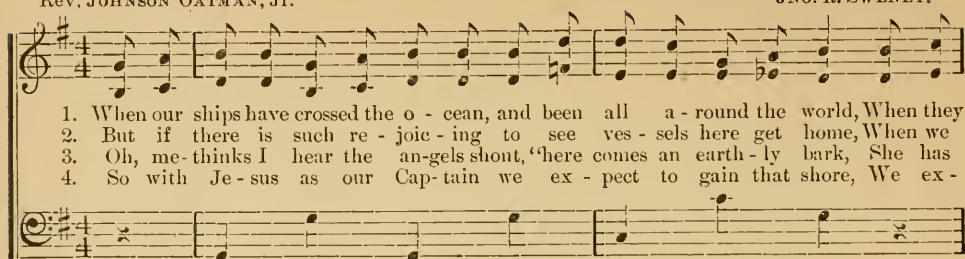
FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;  
 2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;  
 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,  
 Be of sin the doub - le cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.  
 D.C. - All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.  
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.  
 D.C.  
 Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,  
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,  
 When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judg - ment-throne;

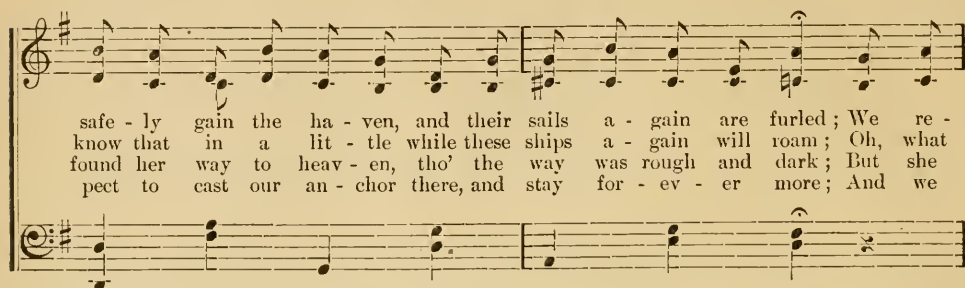
# No. 47. WHEN OUR SHIPS COME SAILING HOME.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

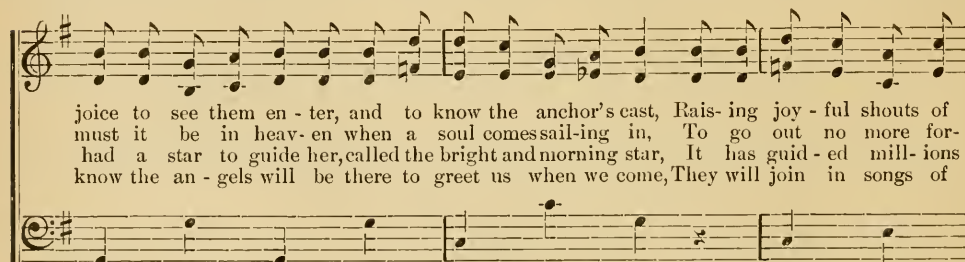
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When our ships have crossed the o - cean, and been all a - round the world, When they  
 2. But if there is such re - joice - ing to see ves - sels here get home, When we  
 3. Oh, me - thinks I hear the an - gels shout, 'here comes an earth - ly bark, She has  
 4. So with Je - sus as our Cap - tain we ex - pect to gain that shore, We ex -

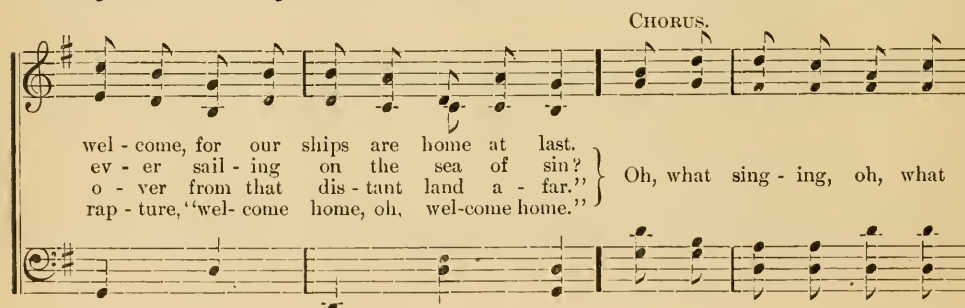


safe - ly gain the ha - ven, and their sails a - gain are furled ; We re -  
 know that in a lit - tle while these ships a - gain will roam ; Oh, what  
 found her way to heav - en, tho' the way was rough and dark ; But she  
 pect to cast our an - chor there, and stay for - ev - er more ; And we

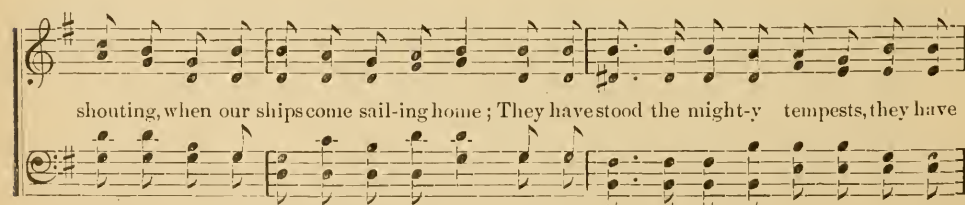


joice to see them en - ter, and to know the anchor's cast, Rais - ing joy - ful shouts of  
 must it be in heav - en when a soul comes sail - ing in, To go out no more for -  
 had a star to guide her, called the bright and morning star, It has guid - ed mill - ions  
 know the an - gels will be there to greet us when we come, They will join in songs of

CHORUS.



wel - come, for our ships are home at last.  
 ev - er sail - ing on the sea of sin?  
 o - ver from that dis - tant land a - far," } Oh, what sing - ing, oh, what  
 rap - ture, "wel - come home, oh, wel - come home."



shouting, when our ships come sail - ing home ; They have stood the night - y tempests, they have

# WHEN OUR SHIPS, etc.—Concluded.

crossed the o - cean's foam; They have passed o'er storm - y bil - lows, but they

now have gained the shore, The anchor's cast, they're home at last, the voyage is safe - ly o'er.

*rit.*

## No. 48.

## REST.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

*With feeling.*

1. Touch my spir - it with Thy Spir - it, Lord of All, my Sav - iour: Let me Thy sweet.

2. I have found Him, what a treasure!—Found my blessed Sav - iour; This the plea - sure

3. I have found Him: past my weeping, Bless - ed, bless - ed Sav - iour; And my soul to

CHORUS.

rest in - her - it, This my high - est fa - vor.  
 of all plea - sures, Rest in my dear Sav - iour. } Rest, sweet rest, rest, sweet rest  
 Thy kind keep - ing, I com - mit, dear Sav - iour.

*ff*


In my bless - ed Sav - iour; Rest, sweet rest, rest, sweet rest in my blessed Sav - iour.

# No. 49. BEHOLD ME STANDING AT THE DOOR!

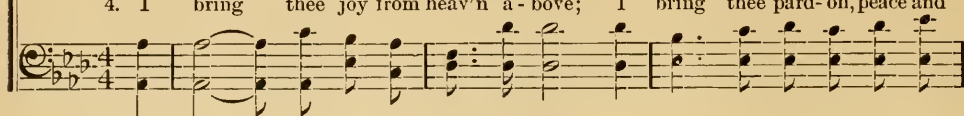
FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

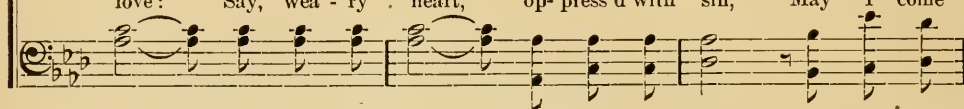
*With feeling.*



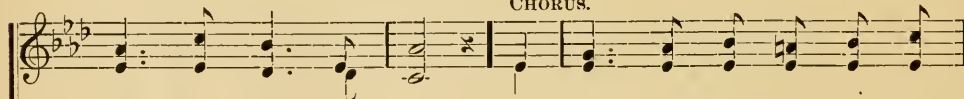
1. Be - hold Me stand - ing at the door, And hear Me plead - ing ev - er -  
 2. I bore the cru - el thorns for thee; I wait - ed long and pa - tient -  
 3. I would not plead with thee in vain; Re - mem - ber all My grief and  
 4. I bring thee joy from heav'n a - bove; I bring thee pard - on, peace and



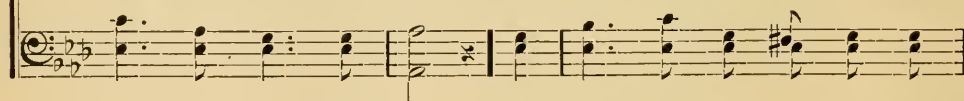
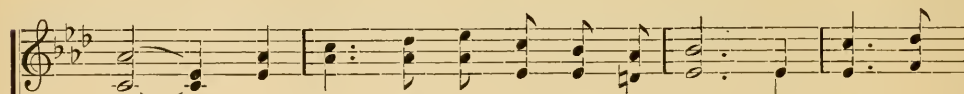

more, With gen - tle voice, oh, heart of sin, May I come  
 ly: Say, wea - ry heart, op - press'd with sin, May I come  
 pain! I died to ran - som thee from sin, May I come  
 love: Say, wea - ry heart, op - press'd with sin, May I come



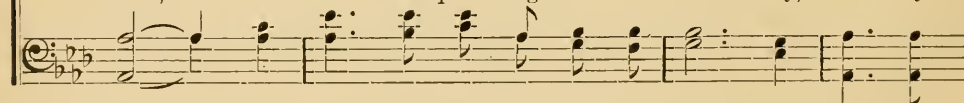
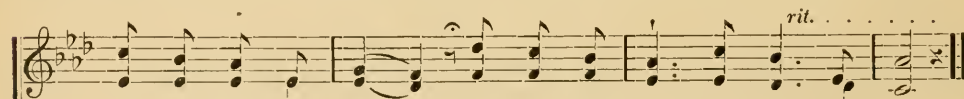
## CHORUS.



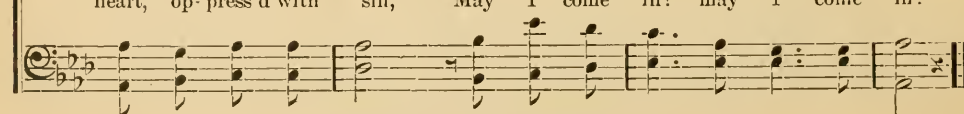
in? may I come in? Be - hold Me stand - ing at the

door, And hear Me plead - ing ev - er - more: Say, wea - ry

heart, op - press'd with sin, May I come in? may I come in?





FANNY J. CROSBY.

Melody by M. LINDSAY. Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Hark the song of ho - ly rap - ture, Hear it break from yon - der strand,  
 2. Oh, the long and sweet re - un - ion, Where the bells of time shall cease,  
 3. Look be - yond, the skies are clear - ing; See, the mist dis - solves a - way;

Where our friends for us are wait - ing, In the gold - en, sum - mer land;  
 Oh, the greet - ing, end - less greet - ing, On the ver - nal heights of peace;  
 Soon our eyes will catch the dawn - ing, Of a bright, ce - les - tial day;

They have reach'd the port of glo - ry, O'er the Jor - dan they have passed,  
 Where the hop - ing and des - pond - ing, Of the wea - ry hearts are past,  
 Soon the shad - ows will be lift - ed That a - round us now are cast,

And with mill - ions They are shout - ing, Home at last, home at last:  
 And we en - ter life e - ter - nal, Home at last, home at last:  
 And re - joic - ing we shall gath - er, Home at last, home at last:

And with mill - ions They are shout - ing, Home at last, home at last.  
 And we en - ter life e - ter - nal, Home at last, home at last.  
 And re - joic - ing we shall gath - er, Home at last, home at last.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will go, I can not stay From the arms of love a-way; O for strength of  
 2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to-night I'll  
 3. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' my sins like mountains roll, Je-sus' blood will

## CHORUS.

faith to say, Je - sus died for me.  
 try a - gain, Je - sus, help Thou me. } Can it be, O can it be  
 make me whole, Je - sus, died for me. }

There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Je - sus died for me.

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REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.  
FINE.

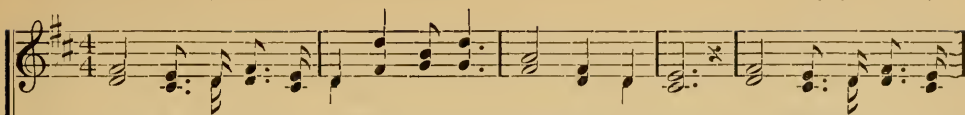
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - nous sea;  
 2. As a moth - er stills her child Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;  
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

D. C. { Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
 Won - drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot Thee. D. C.

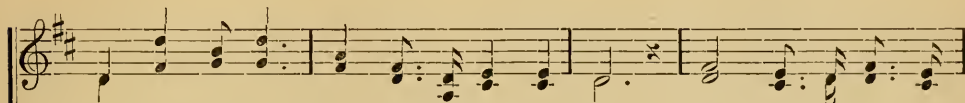
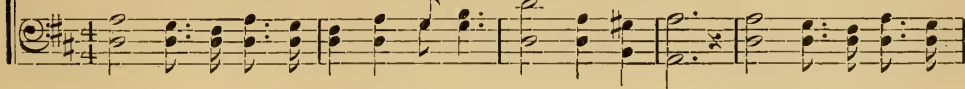
Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;  
 Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still."  
 'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

R. KELSO CARTER.

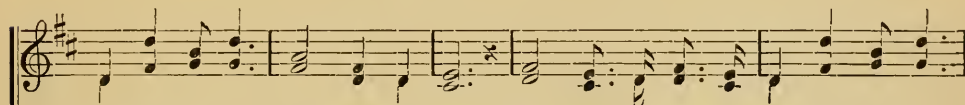
S. C. FOSTER.



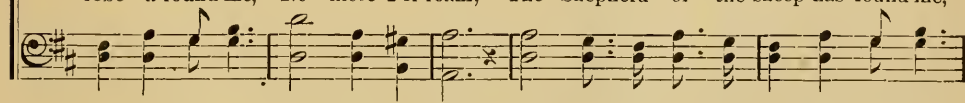
1. Down at the cross, on Calvary's mountain, Where mercies flow, I plung'd in the re -
2. When lost in sin, my all I squandered, Far from the fold: My Saviour sought me
3. All round my way the sun is shin-ing, Dark-ness has fled: On Je-sus' breast I



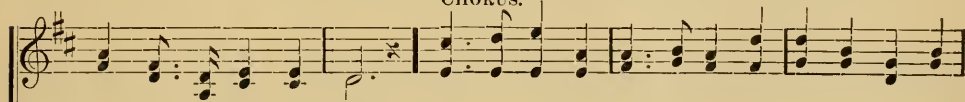
deem - ing fount-ain, Washed whit - er than the snow. When noth - ing in the  
 where I wandered, Gave me His wealth un - told. All bonds of sin and  
 am re - clin-ing, Dai - ly by Him I'm fed. My Lord has cast His



whole cre - a - tion Could purchase peace, My Saviour brought His free sal - va - tion,  
 Sa - tan rend-ing, Christ made me whole: I'll ne'er for - get that joy trans-cend-ing,  
 robe a-round me, No more I'll roam; The Shepherd of the sheep has found me,



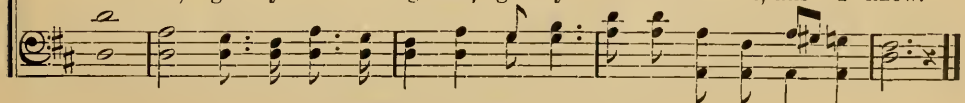
## CHORUS.



Gave me complete re - lease. }  
 When Je - sus sav'd my soul. } Broth - ers, wont you hear the sto - ry? See the fount-ain  
 Je - sus has brought me home. }



flow! Oh, glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry! Je - sus saves me, this I know.

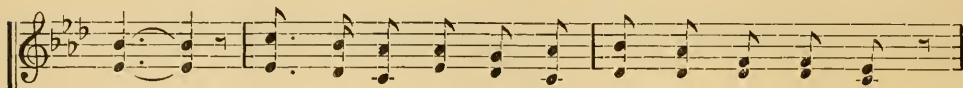


W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

*Very slow.*

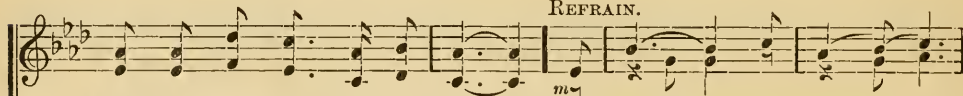
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing— Call - ing for you and for  
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing— plead - ing for you and for  
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing— Pass - ing from you and from  
 4. O for the won - der - ful love He has promised— Promised for you and for



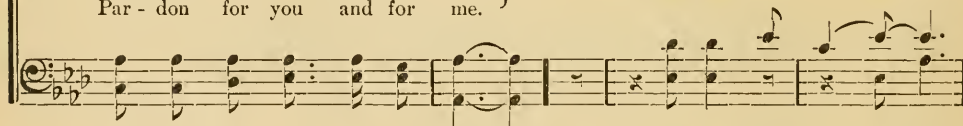
me; See, on the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch - ing—  
 me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies—  
 me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death beds are com - ing—  
 me; Though we have sinned, He has mer - cy and par - don—



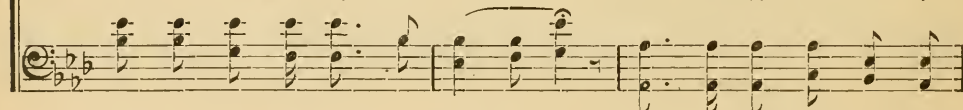
## REFRAIN.



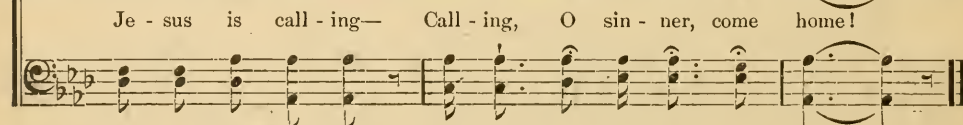
Watch - ing for you and for me. Come home,..... come home,.....  
 Mer - cies for you and for me? } Come home, come home,  
 Com - ing for you and for me. }  
 Par - don for you and for me.



Ye who are wea - ry, come home;..... Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly



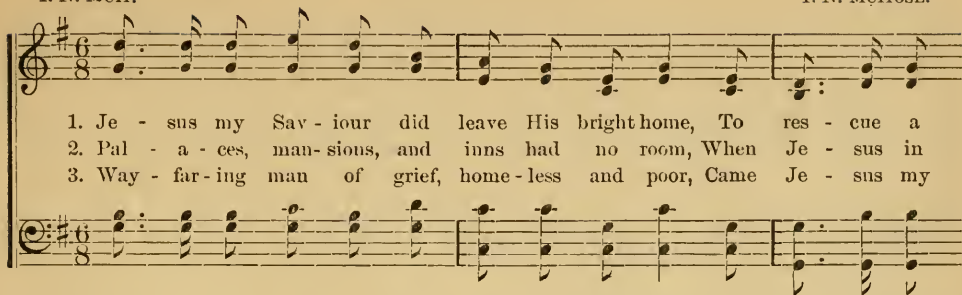
Je - sus is call - ing— Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!



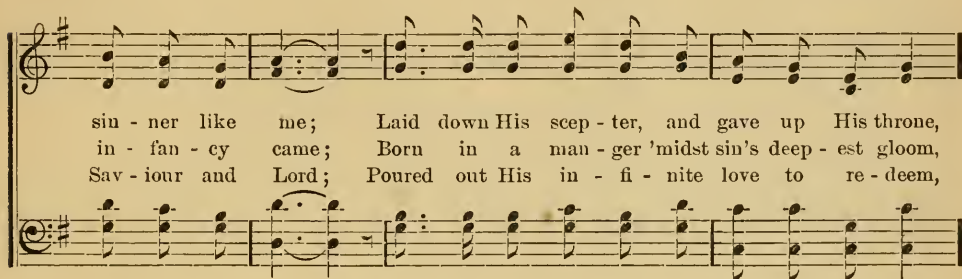


I. N. McH.

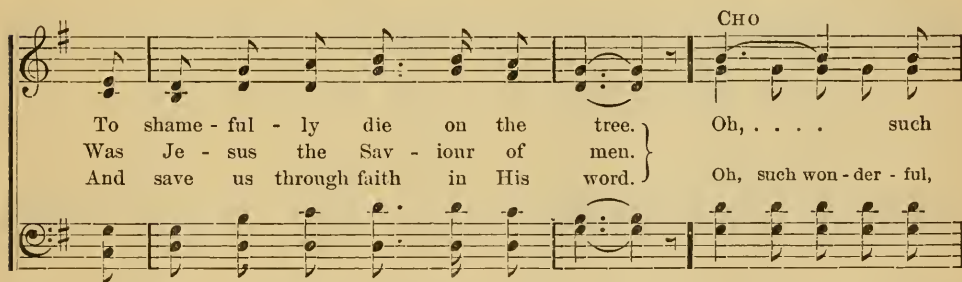
I. N. McHose.



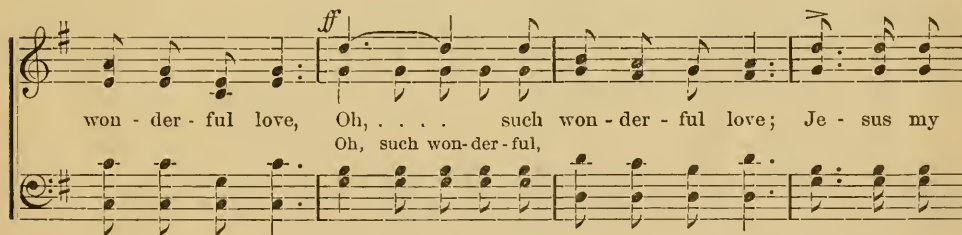
1. Je - sus my Sav - iour did leave His bright home, To res - cue a  
 2. Pal - a - ces, man - sions, and inns had no room, When Je - sus in  
 3. Way - far - ing man of grief, home - less and poor, Came Je - sus my



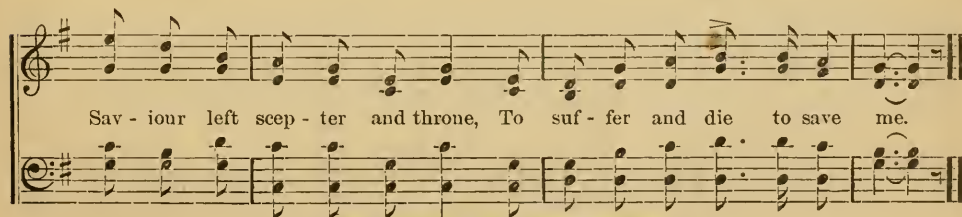
sin - ner like me; Laid down His scep - ter, and gave up His throne,  
 in - fan - cy came; Born in a man - ger 'midst sin's deep - est gloom,  
 Sav - iour and Lord; Poured out His in - fi - nite love to re - deem,



To shame - ful - ly die on the tree. Oh, . . . such  
 Was Je - sus the Sav - iour of men. }  
 And save us through faith in His word. Oh, such won - der - ful,



won - der - ful love, Oh, . . . such won - der - ful love; Je - sus my  
 Oh, such won - der - ful,

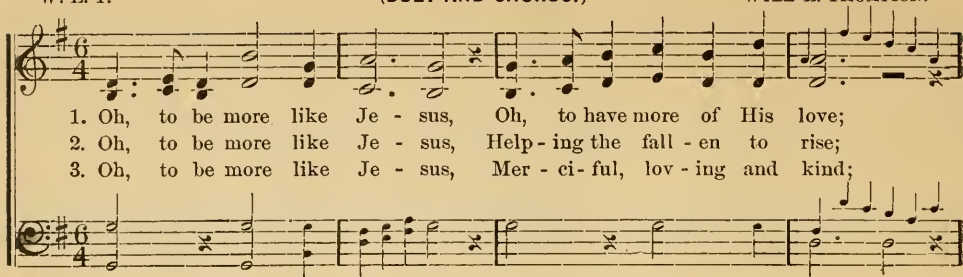


Sav - iour left scep - ter and throne, To suf - fer and die to save me.

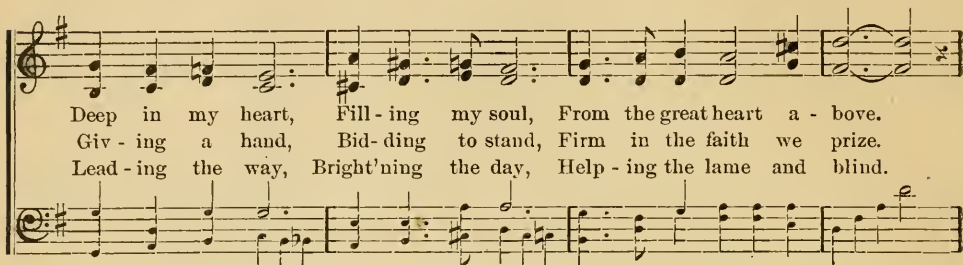
W. L. T.

(DUET AND CHORUS.)

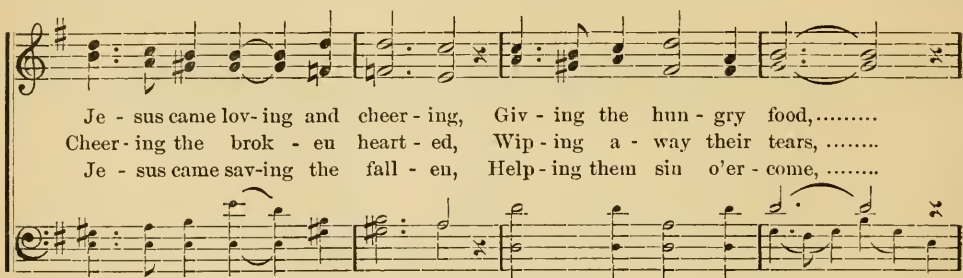
WILL L. THOMPSON.



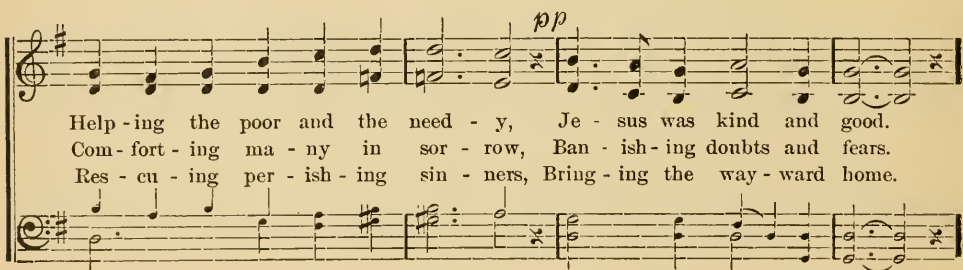
1. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Oh, to have more of His love;  
 2. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Help - ing the fall - en to rise;  
 3. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Mer - ci - ful, lov - ing and kind;



Deep in my heart, Fill - ing my soul, From the great heart a - bove.  
 Giv - ing a hand, Bid - ding to stand, Firm in the faith we prize.  
 Lead - ing the way, Bright'ning the day, Help - ing the lame and blind.

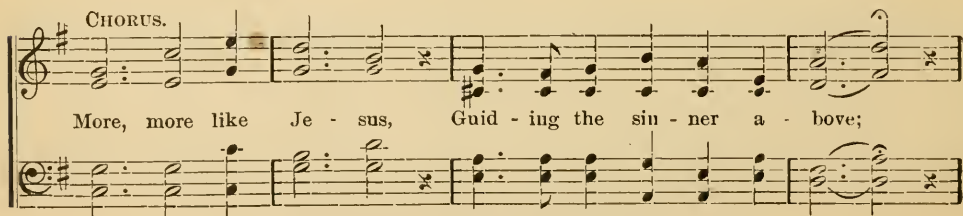


Je - sus came lov - ing and cheer - ing, Giv - ing the hun - gry food,.....  
 Cheer - ing the brok - en heart - ed, Wip - ing a - way their tears,.....  
 Je - sus came sav - ing the fall - en, Help - ing them sin o'er - come,.....



Help - ing the poor and the need - y, Je - sus was kind and good.  
 Com - fort - ing ma - ny in sor - row, Ban - ish - ing doubts and fears.  
 Res - cu - ing per - ish - ing sin - ners, Bring - ing the way - ward home.

CHORUS.



More, more like Je - sus, Guid - ing the sin - ner a - bove;

# OH, TO BE MORE LIKE JESUS.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

*rit.*

Nev - er cease try - ing, Liv - ing or dy - ing, Work - ing for God and love.

## No. 57. SOMEBODY'S PRAYING FOR YOU.

IDA L. REED.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

DUET. *Slowly.*

QUARTET.

1. Come to the Fa - ther, O wan - der - er, come, Some - bod - y's pray - ing for you,  
 2. God's voice is call - ing, O do not de - lay Some - bod - y's pray - ing for you,  
 3. Quench not the spir - it but yield from your heart, Some - bod - y's pray - ing for you,

DUET.

QUARTET.

Turn from the sin - paths no lon - ger to roam Some - bod - y's pray - ing for you.....  
 Bow at the mer - cy - seat, bend while you may Some - bod - y's pray - ing for you.....  
 God waits His par - don, His peace to im - part Some - bod - y's pray - ing for you.....  
 is praying for you.

DUET.

QUARTET.

Some - bod - y loves you wher - ev - er you stray, Bears you in faith to God day aft - er day;  
 Some - bod - y's wres'ling in pray'r for your soul, Long - ing to see you made perfect - ly whole;  
 Kneel in your weakness confess - ing your sin Tho' they are ma - ny and dark tho' they've been;

DUET.

QUARTET.

*rit.* . . . . .

Pray'ful - ly fol - lows you all the dark way, Some - bod - y's pray - ing for you, for you.  
 Down where the bil - lows of Cal - va - ry roll, Some - bod - y's pray - ing for you, for you.  
 O - pen your heart let love's cleans - ing tide in, Some - bod - y's pray - ing for you, for you.

E. E. HEWITT.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. A - drift on the wa - ters, so dark and so cold, A - far from the bean - ti - ful  
 2. Oh, I was the sin - ner a - lone on the sea, But love's bless - ed sig - nals were  
 3. I stepp'd in the life - boat, pro - vid - ed for me, And Je - sus my Pi - lot, my  
 4. Life's tur - bu - lent sur - ges are kiss'd in - to peace, The bea - cons are shin - ing, and

cit - y of gold, A ves - el is sink - ing, for heav - y the gale, The  
 float - ing for me; Tho' thun - ders were roll - ing, and bil - lows at strife, Lo,  
 Cap - tain will be; His bo - som my ref - uge, my "hav - en of rest," I'm  
 songs nev - er cease; Fair moonbeams, bright sunshine, il - lum - ine the tide, While

*rit.* . . . . . CHORUS.

ca - ble is bro - ken, and tatter'd each sail.  
 Je - sus was call - ing, "es - cape for thy life."  
 rescued from shipwreck, so hap - py and blest. } Poor child of the wreck, see the  
 onward to glo - ry we'll joy - ful - ly glide.

*rit.* . . . . .

life - boat is near, A sweet voice is heard, for the Mas - ter is here; He walks ev - 'ry

*rit.* . . . . .

bil - low, con - trols ev - 'ry wave, 'Tis Je - sus, King Je - sus, "the mighty to save."



GURDON ROBINS, arr.

DANIEL B. TOWNER.

1. There is a land mine eye hath seen In vis-ions of en-rap-tured thought,  
 2. A land up-on whose bliss-ful shore There rests no shad-ow, falls no stain;  
 3. Its skies are not like earth-ly skies, With vary-ing hues of shade and light;  
 4. There sweeps no des-o-lat-ing wind A-cross the calm, se-re-ne a-bode.

So bright, that all which spreads between Is with its ra-diant glo-ries fraught.  
 There those who meet shall part no more, And those long part-ed meet a-gain.  
 It hath no need of suns, to raise To dis-si-pate the gloom of night.  
 The wand'rer there a home may find With-in the par-a-dise of God.

## CHORUS.

Oh, land of love,..... of joy and light,..... Thy glo-ries  
 Oh, land of love, of joy and light,

gild..... earth's dark-est night;... Thy tran-quil shore...  
 Thy glo-ries gild earth's darkest night; Thy tranquil shore,

*Slower.* *rit.*  
 we, too, shall see,..... When day shall break..... and shad-ows flee.  
 we too, shall see, When day shall break

KATHARINE S. WADSWORTH.

JAMES M. BLACK.

*Moderato.*

1. I'm think- ing of the man- sions not made with hands, Of the man- sions just be -  
 2. The song of faith and hope sing - ing in my soul Gives me joy that like a  
 3. The way we're called to go may not al - ways lead Where the flow - ers grow so

yond the sea; Where sor - row nev - er comes, and where tears nev - er fall,  
 riv - er flows, And the peace that pass - eth knowledge He gives to me,  
 fair and sweet; But the glo - rious day will come, if we fal - ter not,

CHORUS.

And those man- sions are for you and me. } Meet me there, meet me  
 For the bur - dens of my heart He knows. }  
 When our feet shall walk the gold - en street. } Meet me there,

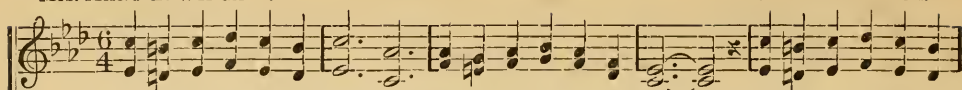
there, Where there is no night, meet me there, In the land where  
 meet me there, meet me there,

love wipes a - way all tears, Meet me there, meet me there.  
 Meet me there, meet me there.

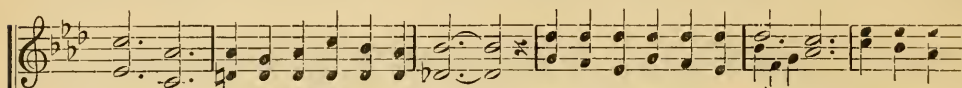
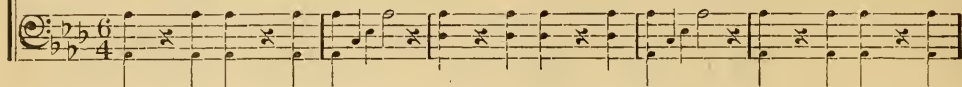


Mrs. MARY B. WINGATE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

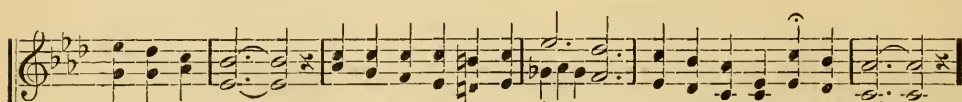
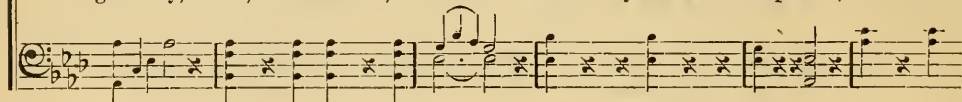


1. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the sheep of His fold; Dear is the love that He
2. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the lambs of His fold; Some from the pastures are
3. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the "ninety and nine;" Dear are the sheep that have
4. Green are the pastures in-vit-ing, Sweet are the water and "still;" Lord, we will answer Thee



gives them, Dearer than silver or gold.  
 stray-ing, Hungry and helpless and cold.  
 wan-dered Out in the des-ert to pine.  
 glad-ly, "Yes, blessed Master, we will!

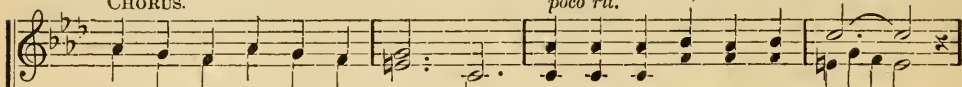
Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are His  
 See, the good Shepherd is seek-ing, Seeking the  
 Hark! He is ear-nest-ly call-ing, Ten-der-ly  
 Make us Thy true under-shepherds, Give us a



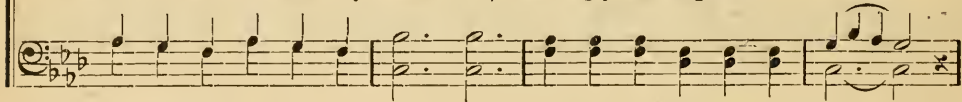
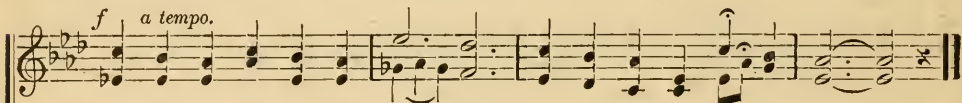
"other" lost sheep; O-ver the mountains He follows, O-ver the wa-ters so deep.  
 lambs that are lost; Bringing them in with re-joic-ing, Saved at such in-fi-nite cost.  
 pleading to - day; "Will you not seek for my lost ones, Off from my shelter a - stray?"  
 love that is deep; Send us out in- to the des-ert, Seeking Thy wandering sheep.



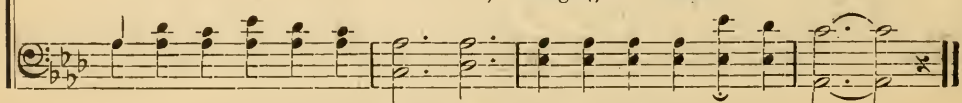
CHORUS.

*poco rit.*

Out in the des-ert they wan-der, Hun-gry and help-less and cold;.....

*f a tempo.*

Off to the res-cue He has-tens, Bringing them back to the fold.



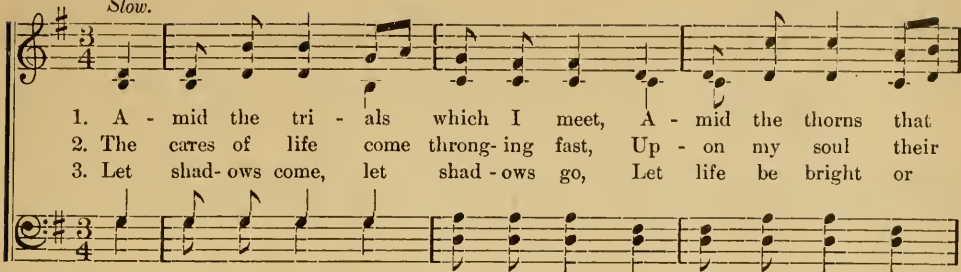


# No. 63. THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME.

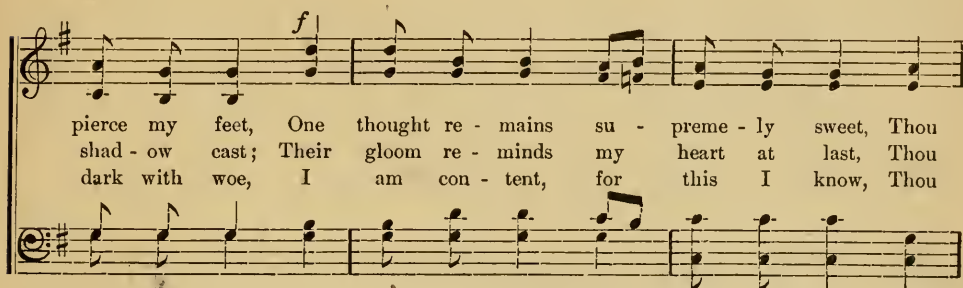
E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

*Slow.*



1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that  
 2. The cares of life come throng - ing fast, Up - on my soul their  
 3. Let shad - ows come, let shad - ows go, Let life be bright or

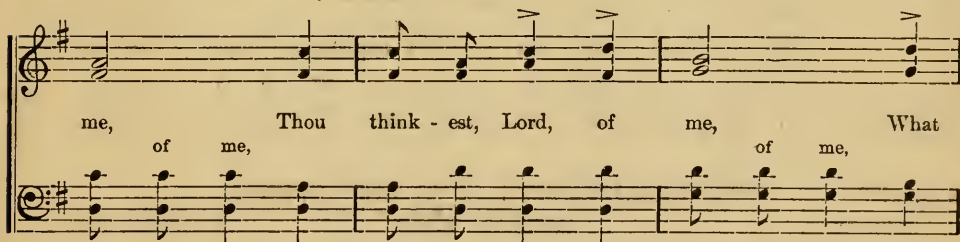


pierce my feet, One thought re - mains su - preme - ly sweet, Thou  
 shad - ow cast; Their gloom re - minds my heart at last, Thou  
 dark with woe, I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou

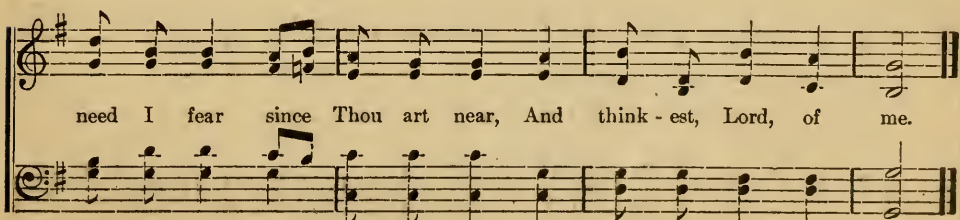
CHORUS.



think - est, Lord, of me! Thou think - est, Lord, of



me, Thou think - est, Lord, of me, What  
 of me, of me,



need I fear since Thou art near, And think - est, Lord, of me.

## No. 64.

## HARK! HARK, MY SOUL.

F. W. FABER.

HENRY SMART.

*mf*

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and  
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for  
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at even - ing peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus

ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing  
 Je - sus bids you come;" And through the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,  
 sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thousands meekly steal - ing,

*p*

Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An - gels of Je - sus,  
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,  
 Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee. An - gels of Je - sus,

*cres.* *f* *p*

An - gels . of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

## No. 65.

## MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

S. F. SMITH.

(AMERICA. 6s, 4s.)

Ad. HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my  
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy  
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal  
 4. Our Father's God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

# MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.—Concluded.

*cres.*

father's died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride! From ev - 'ry mountain side, Let free-dom ring,  
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a - bove,  
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro-long,  
land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

## No. 66.

## JESUS LEADS.

J. R. S.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Andante.*

1. Like a shep - herd, ten - der true, Je - sus leads,..... Je - sus leads,.....  
2. All a - long life's rugg - ed road Je - sus leads,..... Je - sus leads,.....  
Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads,

Dai - ly finds us past - ures new, Je - sus leads,..... Je - sus leads;.....  
Till we reach yon blest a - bode, Je - sus leads,..... Je - sus leads;.....  
Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads;

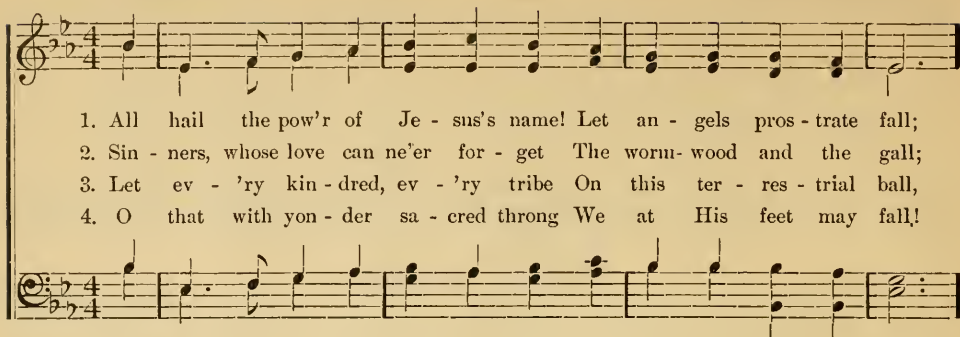
If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid dan - ger feeds,  
All the way, be - fore, He's trod, And He now the flock pre - cedes,  
1. If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,

He will watch them lest they stray, Je - sus leads,..... Je - sus leads.  
Safe in - to the fold of God Je - sus leads,..... Je - sus leads.  
Je - sus leads,

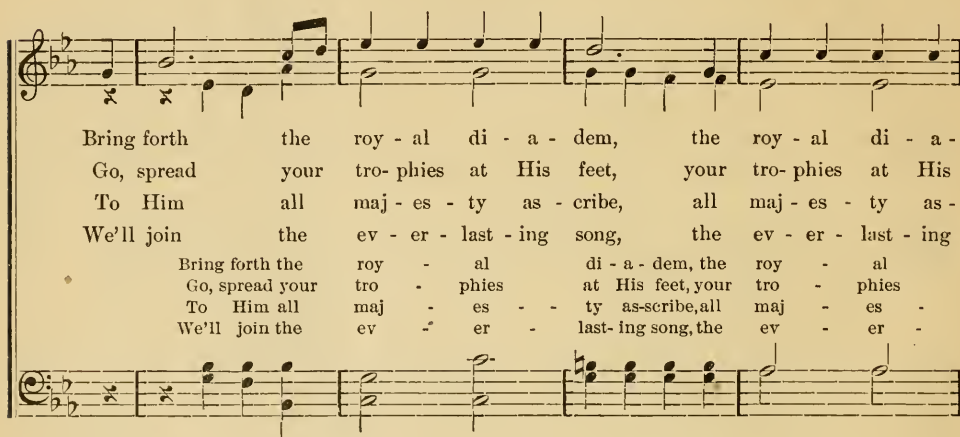
*rit.*

EDWARD PERRONET.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

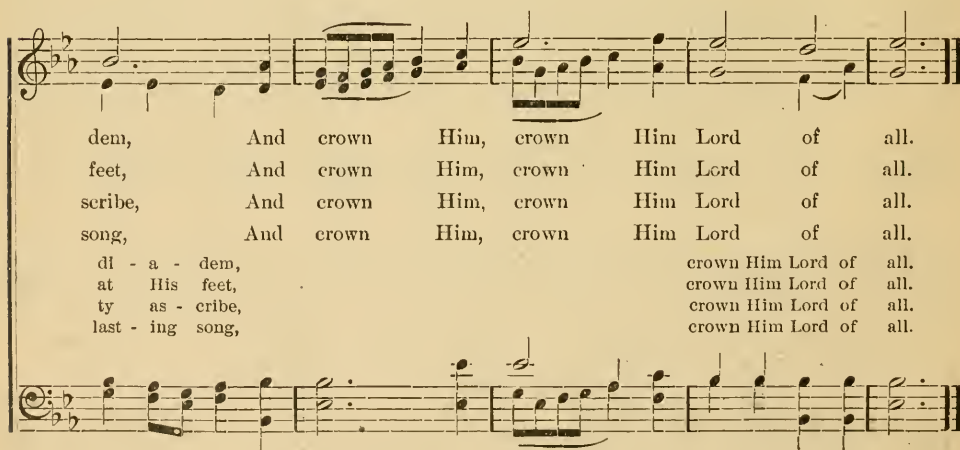


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus's name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;  
 2. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm - wood and the gall;  
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,  
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, the roy - al di - a -  
 Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, your tro - phies at His  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, all maj - es - ty as -  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, the ev - er - last - ing

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, the roy - al  
 Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, your tro - phies  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, all maj - es -  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, the ev - er -



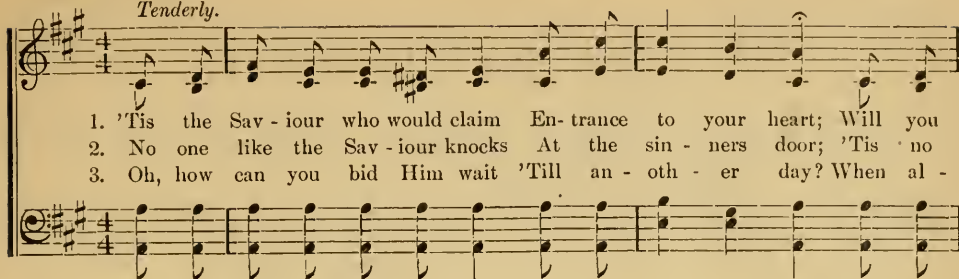
dem, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.  
 feet, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.  
 scribe, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.  
 song, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

di - a - dem, crown Him Lord of all.  
 at His feet, crown Him Lord of all.  
 ty as - crite, crown Him Lord of all.  
 last - ing song, crown Him Lord of all.

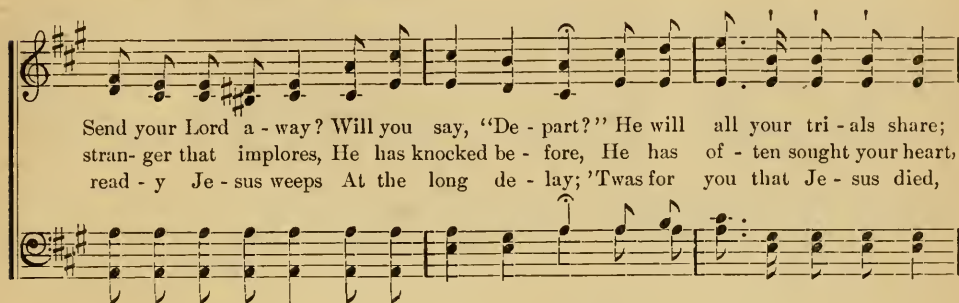


JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

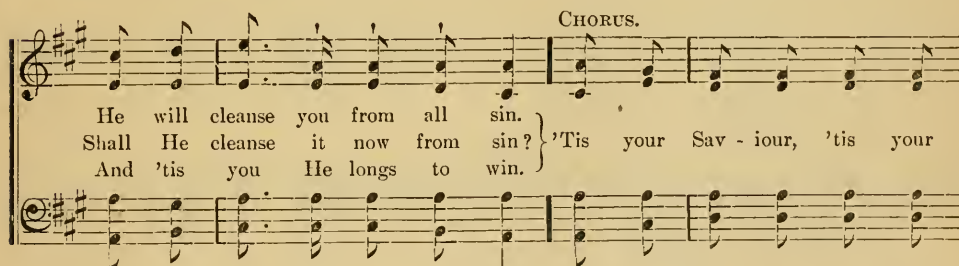
MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

*Tenderly.*


1. 'Tis the Sav - iour who would claim En - trance to your heart; Will you  
 2. No one like the Sav - iour knocks At the sin - ners door; 'Tis no  
 3. Oh, how can you bid Him wait 'Till an - oth - er day? When al -

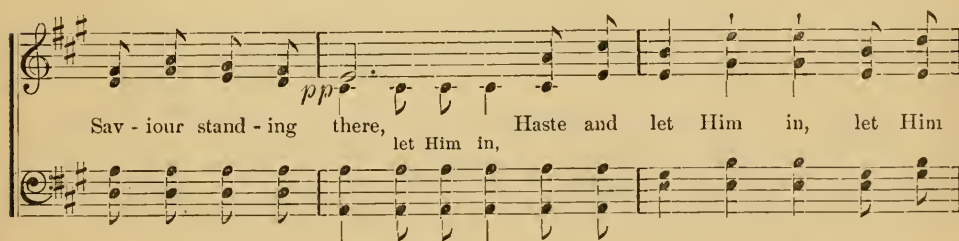


Send your Lord a - way? Will you say, "De - part?" He will all your tri - als share;  
 stran - ger that implores, He has knocked be - fore, He has of - ten sought your heart,  
 read - y Je - sus weeps At the long de - lay; 'Twas for you that Je - sus died,



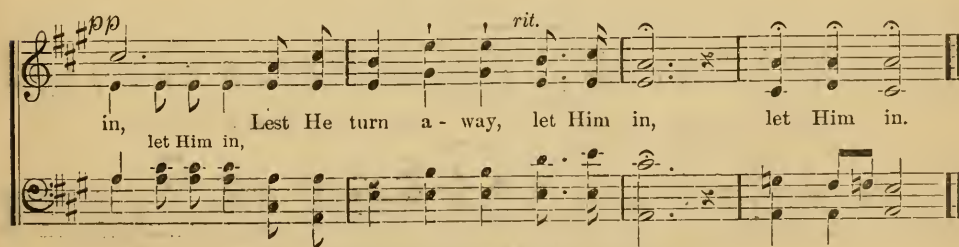
CHORUS.

He will cleanse you from all sin.  
 Shall He cleanse it now from sin? } 'Tis your Sav - iour, 'tis your  
 And 'tis you He longs to win.



*pp*

Sav - iour stand - ing there, let Him in, Haste and let Him in, let Him



*pp* *rit.*

in, let Him in, Lest He turn a - way, let Him in, let Him in.

1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on His Word, Just to feel I am  
 2. When my way dark-est seems, when are blight-ed my dreams, Just to feel that the  
 3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je - sus for

His ev-'ry day; Just to walk by His side, with His Spir - it to guide, Just to  
 Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to His will, just to trust and be still, Just to  
 my dear-est friend; Count-ing all loss but gain, such a friend to ob-tain, True and

CHORUS.

fol - low where He leads the way. } Just to say what He wants me to  
 lean on His bo - som and rest. }  
 faith - ful He'll be to the end. } what He

*pp* *Slow.*

say, And be still when He whispers to me; Just to  
 wants me to say, when He whis-pers to me;

go where He wants me to go..... Just to be what He wants me to be.  
 where He wants me to go,

H. G. SPAFFORD.

P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows, like  
 2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as -  
 3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't— My sin— not in  
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled

sea - bil - lows, roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to  
 sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es -  
 part, but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no  
 back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the Lord shall de -

CHORUS.

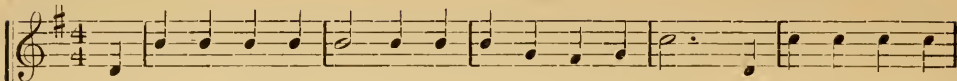
say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is well.....  
 taste, And hath shed His own blood for my soul. }  
 more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul. } It is  
 scend, "E - ven so,"— it is well with my soul. }

..... with my soul,..... It is well, it is well with my soul.  
 well with my soul,

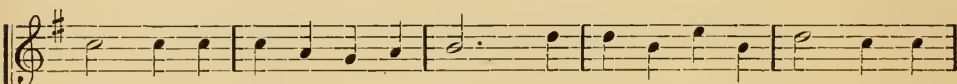
No. 71. STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

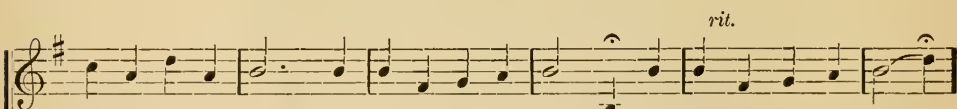
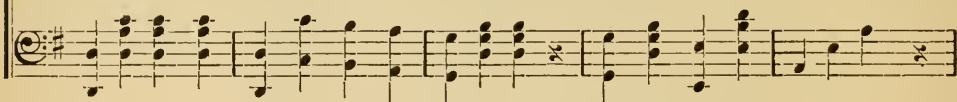
ADAM GEIBEL.



- |                       |     |   |                        |
|-----------------------|-----|---|------------------------|
| 1. Stand up, stand up | for | Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross;      | Lift high His roy - al |
| 2. Stand up, stand up | for | Je - sus, The trum-pet call o - bey,      | Forth to the might-y   |
| 3. Stand up, stand up | for | Je - sus, Stand in His strength a - lone; | The arm of flesh will  |
| 4. Stand up, stand up | for | Je - sus, The strife will not be long;    | This day the noise of  |



ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His  
con - flict, In this His glo - rious day; "Ye that are men now serve Him," A -  
fail - ure, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel arm - or, Each  
bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song: To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A



ar-my shall He lead, Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.  
gainst unnumbered foes; Let cour-age rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength oppose.  
piece put on with prayer; Where du-ty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev-er want-ing there.  
crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo-ry Shall reign e-ter-nal-ly.





# STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Stand up stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;... Lift  
high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not, It must not suf - fer loss.

*rit.*

No. 72.

## CONSECRATION.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. My bod - y, soul, and spir - it, Je - sus, I gave to Thee, A con - se - crat - ed  
2. O Je - sus, mighty Sav - iour, I trust in Thy great name, I look for Thy sal -  
3. Oh, let the fire, de - scend - ing Just now up - on my soul, Con - sume my hum - ble  
4. I'm Thine, O bless - ed Je - sus, Wash'd by Thy pre - cious blood, Now seal me by Thy

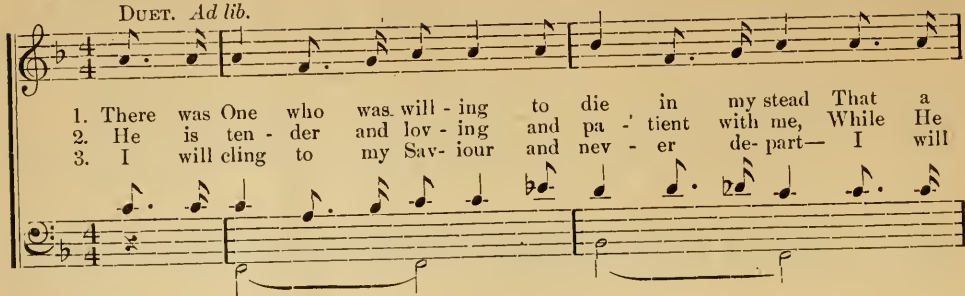
REFRAIN.

off'r - ing, Thine ev - er - more to be.  
va - tion, Thy prom - ise now I claim.  
off'r - ing, And cleanse and make me whole.  
Spir - it, A sac - ri - fice to God. My all is on the al - tar, I'm  
wait - ing for the fire; Wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

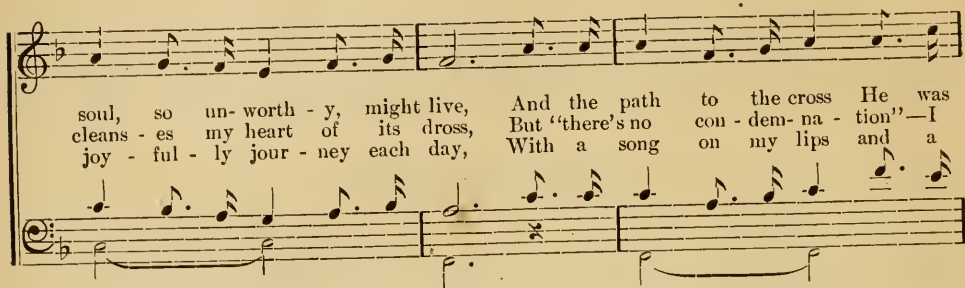
*rit.*

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

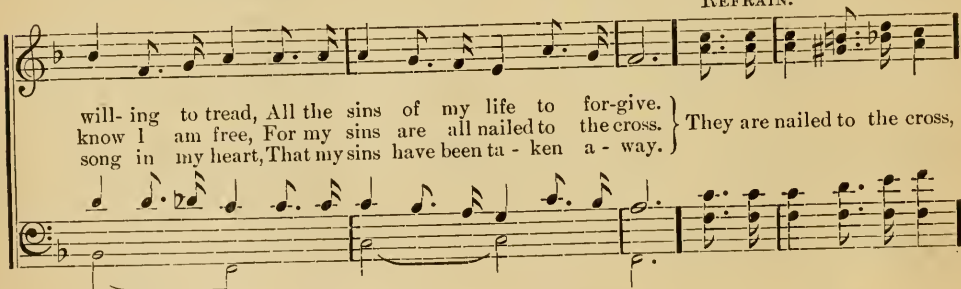
DUET. *Ad lib.*


1. There was One who was will - ing to die in my stead That a  
 2. He is ten - der and lov - ing and pa - tient with me, While He  
 3. I will cling to my Sav - iour and nev - er de - part— I will

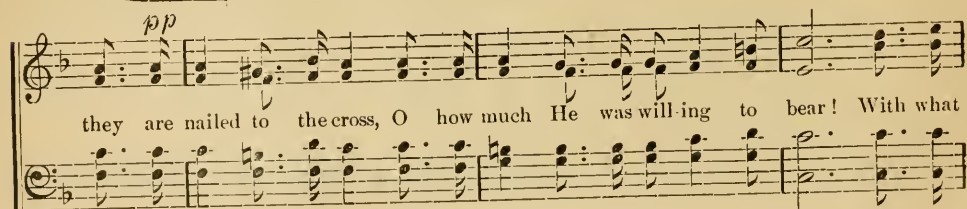


soul, so un - worth - y, might live, And the path to the cross He was  
 cleans - es my heart of its dross, But "there's no con - dem - na - tion"—I  
 joy - ful - ly jour - ney each day, With a song on my lips and a

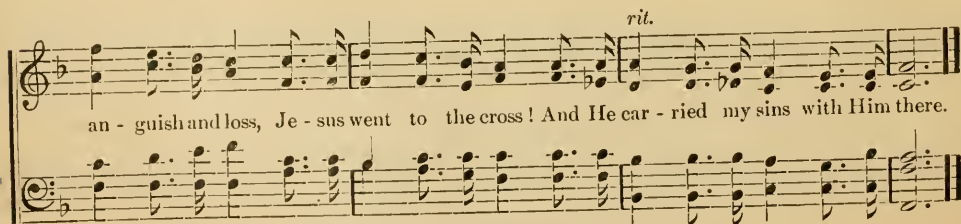
## REFRAIN.



will - ing to tread, All the sins of my life to for - give.  
 know I am free, For my sins are all nailed to the cross. } They are nailed to the cross,  
 song in my heart, That my sins have been ta - ken a - way. }



*pp*  
 they are nailed to the cross, O how much He was will - ing to bear! With what



*rit.*  
 an - guish and loss, Je - sus went to the cross! And He car - ried my sins with Him there.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

Spanish Melody. Arr.

1. Still with my Sav - iour when the sun sinks in the west, Still in the  
 2. On - ly in Je - sus has my soul su - preme de light, Je - sus who  
 3. Dawn, hap - py morn - ing, day of glad - ness and of rest, Bright day of

gloom - ing, Lean - ing on His breast; And un - til the morn - ing  
 robes me in His gar - ments white; So, un - til the day dawn  
 crown - ing, last of all and best; Rise, thou Sun of beau - ty,

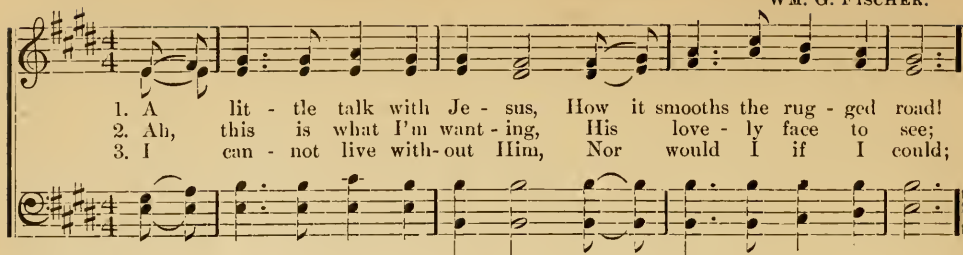
breaks e - ter - nal in the sky, Shall my pre - cious Sav - iour  
 I shall rest be - neath His wing, Then shall dwell for - ev - er  
 O re - veal Thy glo - ry now, Ev - 'ry tongue shall bless Thee

*Slower.* CHORUS.

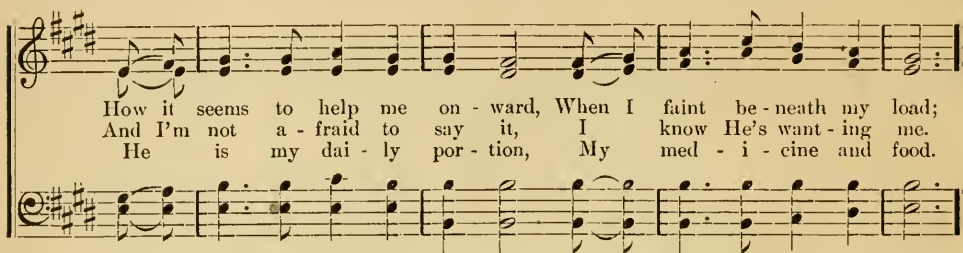
still be ev - er nigh.  
 with my God and King. } Je - sus, my Sav - iour, stay for - ev - er  
 ev - 'ry knee shall bow. }

near my side; Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Safe in Thee I hide.

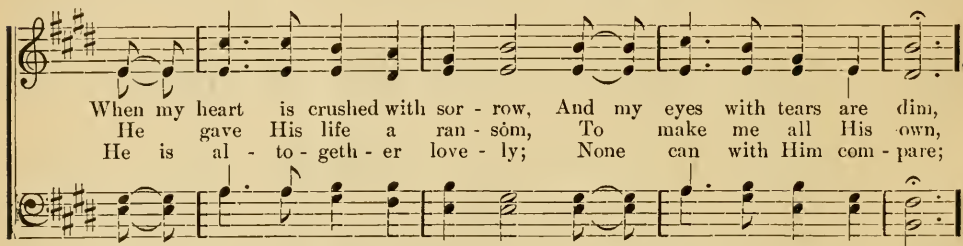
WM. G. FISCHER.



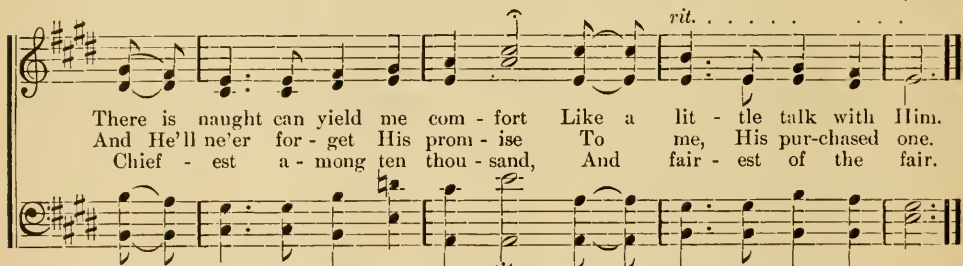
1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, How it smooths the rug - ged road!  
 2. Ah, this is what I'm want - ing, His love - ly face to see;  
 3. I can - not live with - out Him, Nor would I if I could;



How it seems to help me on - ward, When I faint be - neath my load;  
 And I'm not a - fraid to say it, I know He's want - ing me.  
 He is my dai - ly por - tion, My med - i - cine and food.



When my heart is crushed with sor - row, And my eyes with tears are dim,  
 He gave His life a ran - som, To make me all His own,  
 He is al - to - geth - er love - ly; None can with Him com - pare;

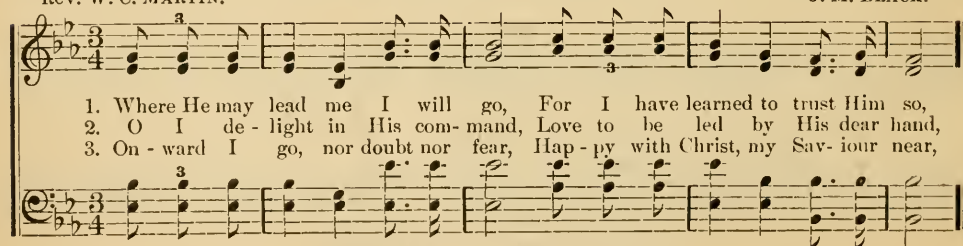


There is naught can yield me com - fort Like a lit - tle talk with Him.  
 And He'll ne'er for - get His prom - ise To me, His pur - chased one.  
 Chief - est a - mong ten thou - sand, And fair - est of the fair.

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Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

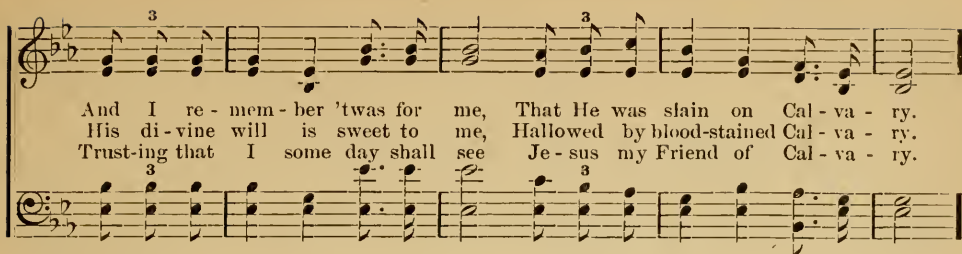


1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust Him so,  
 2. O I de - light in His com - mand, Love to be led by His dear hand,  
 3. On - ward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Hap - py with Christ, my Sav - iour near,

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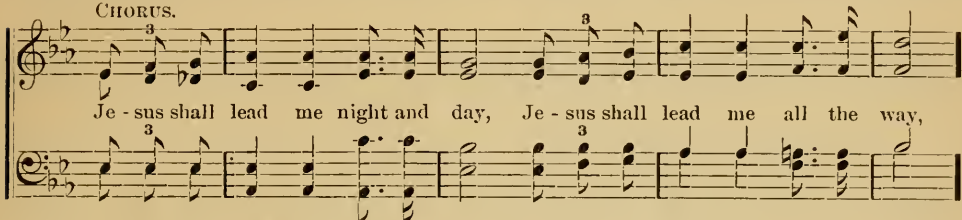


# I REMEMBER CALVARY.—Concluded.

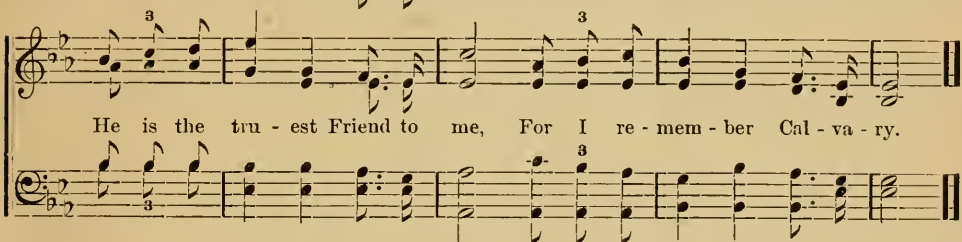


And I re - mem - ber 'twas for me, That He was slain on Cal - va - ry.  
His di - vine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stained Cal - va - ry.  
Trust-ing that I some day shall see Je - sus my Friend of Cal - va - ry.

## CHORUS.



Je - sus shall lead me night and day, Je - sus shall lead me all the way,



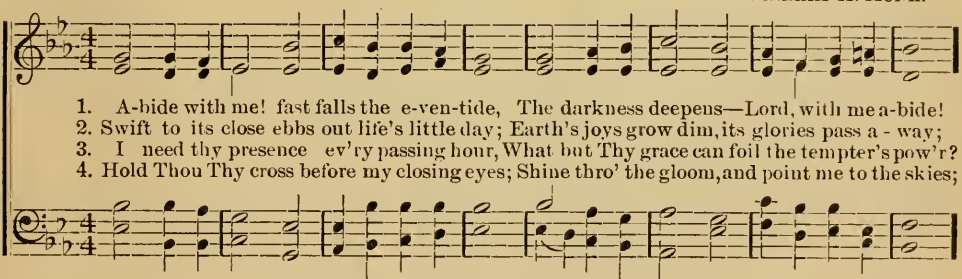
He is the tru - est Friend to me, For I re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry.

## No. 77.

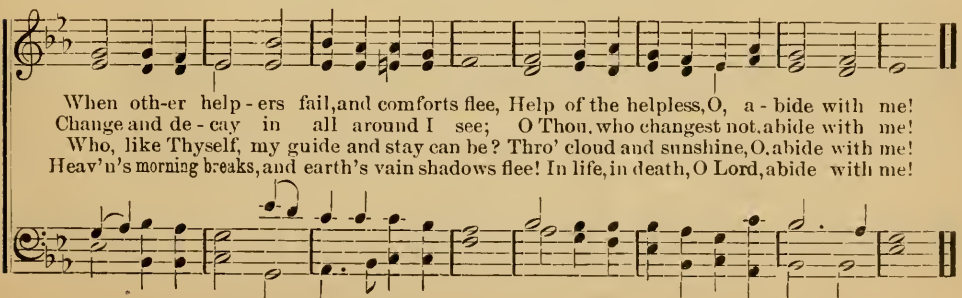
## ABIDE WITH ME.

HENRY F. LYTE.

WILLIAM H. MONK.



1. A-bide with me! fast falls the e-ven-tide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a - way;
3. I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;



When oth-er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O, a - bide with me!  
Change and de - cay in all around I see; O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O, abide with me!  
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

## No. 78.

## BROTHER, WILL YOU GO?

WM. WOODWARD.

Mrs. W. V. BAKER.

*Slow.*

1. A - way be-yond the stars which the mid- night sky un - folds, There are  
 2. There are cit - ies rich in grand - eur in - vit - ing you to come, And  
 3. There leap the lame for joy, there the blind re - ceive their sight; There

scenes of rar - est beau - ty, and pal - a - ces of gold; And o'er that love - ly  
 who can tell the wealth of a heav'n - ly cit - y home? Its ru - ral scenes, its  
 ears long closed to sound will be rav - ished with de - light; There tongues that never

pro - spect there falls no win - ter's snow, There warblers sing in end - less spring, O  
 mansions, its crys - tal streams that flow, All, all are free for you and me, O  
 ut - tered a sen - tence here be - low, Burst in - to song thro' a - ges long, O

*rall.*  
 brother, will you go? There warblers sing in end - less spring, O brother, will you go?  
 brother, will you go? All, all are free for you and me, O brother, will you go?  
 brother, will you go? Burst in - to song thro' a - ges long, O brother, will you go?

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## No. 79.

## THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

1. List - en to the "still, small voice," Soft as moon beams fall - ing,  
 2. Call - ing thee from self and sin, And false, world - ly pleas - nres,  
 3. Call - ing thee to no - bler aims, And a true en - deav - or,

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# THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.—Concluded.

'Tis the Ho - ly Spir - it speaks, Gen - tly, gen - tly call - ing.  
 To the life that's "hid with Christ," To e - ter - nal treas - ures.  
 To a bless - ed fel - low - ship With Thy Lord for - ev - er.

CHORUS. *rit.*

Hark! from heav - en fall - ing, To thy soul now call - ing,

*rit.* *rit.*

'Tis a voice of mer - cy Calls in love to thee. (To thee.)

## No. 80.

## I DO BELIEVE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Unknown.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;  
 2. What did Thine ou - ly Son en - dure Be - fore I drew my breath;  
 3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r;

CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me;

*D. C. for Chorus.*

If Thou with-draw Thy - self from me, Ah, whith-er shall I go?  
 What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death!  
 And all my wants Thou would'st re - lieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.

And thro' His blood, His pre - cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

## No. 81.

## NEARER TO THEE.

MARTHA J. LANKTON,

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When doubt and conflict weigh me down, and clouds be - fore me rise,  
 2. When joys that once I thought so true, Have lost each balm - y sweet,  
 3. While day by day, I journey on, To.....reach that world sub - lime.

Whose gath'ring gloom and deep'ning shade, With sor - row fills mine eyes,  
 And withered hopes, like summer flowers, Lie crushed be - neath my feet,  
 That stands in perfect loveliness, Be - - yond the shore of time ;

'Tis then I lift my fainting soul, In.....prayer that I may be  
 With quivering lip and yearning heart, I pray on bend - ed knee,  
 My faith looks up and softly breathes, The prayer so dear to me,

*Lento.* Near - er, my God, to Thee, *rit.* Near - er to Thee.

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## No. 82.

## KEEP THY FAITH STEADY.

MATHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Keep Thy faith steady, my broth - er, Shed - ding its beau - ti - ful ray,  
 2. Keep Thy faith steady, my broth - er, Firm as a rock let it be ;  
 3. Keep Thy faith steady, my broth - er, Look - ing to Je - sus a - lone ;

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# KEEP THY FAITH STEADY.—Concluded.

Clear as the brow of the morn - ing, Bright as the eye of the day.  
 Pray, and be-lieve when thou pray - est, Love hath an an - swer for thee.  
 Then will the bless-ing thou seek - est Drop like the dew from His throne.

## CHORUS.

Tran - quil - ly shin - ing, nev - er de - clin - ing,  
 Tran - quil - ly, tran - quil - ly shin - ing, nev - er, no, nev - er de - clin - ing,  
 keep..... thy faith stead - y, and wait, oh, wait on the Lord.  
 Keep thy faith steady, keep thy faith steady,

# No. 83. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross  
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,  
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou send-est me,

D.S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee,

## FINE.

D.S.

That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee.  
 My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to Thee.  
 In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee.

Near - er to Thee.

## No. 84.

## OH, TO BE LIKE HIM.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

1. Oh, to be like Him, Ten - der and kind, Gen - tle in spir - it,  
 2. Oh, to be like Him, Quick to o - bey, Child - like and truthful,  
 3. Oh, to be like Him, Tempt - ed in vain, Dwell - ing with sin - ners,

Low - ly in mind; More like to Je - sus, Day af - ter day,  
 Read - y to say, "I and my Fa - ther Pur - pose have one,  
 Yet with - out stain; Giv - ing our life - work Sin - ners to save,

*rit.* Filled with His Spir - it, Now and al - way. } Yes, to be like Him,  
 Thine, not my will, Ev - er be done." }  
 Tri - umph - ing o - ver Death and the grave }

We must a - bide Near to Our Sav - iour, Close to His side.

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## No. 85.

## ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

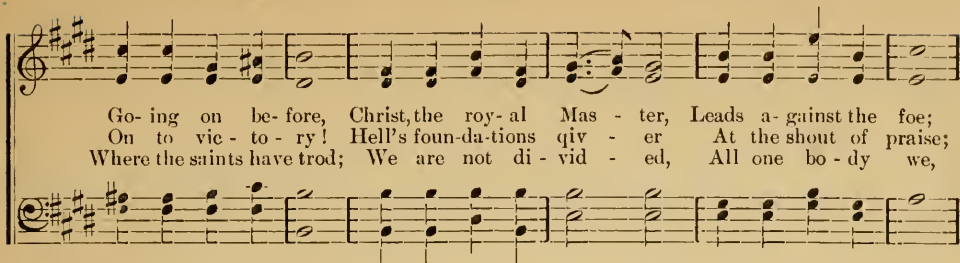
SABINE BARING-GOULD.

(Tune—ONWARD.)

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

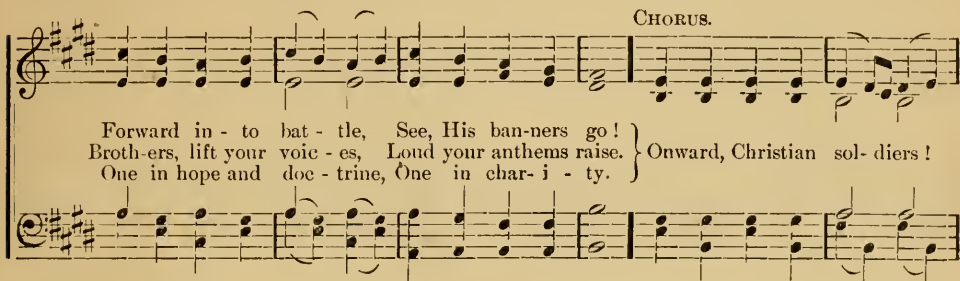
1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus  
 2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol - diers,  
 3. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth - ers, we are tread - ing

# ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.—Concluded.

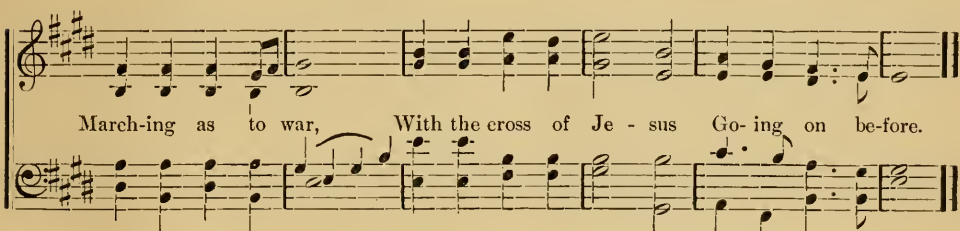


Go - ing on be - fore, Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;  
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun - da - tions qiv - er At the shout of praise;  
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bo - dy we,

CHORUS.



Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go!  
Broth - ers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise. } Onward, Christian sol - diers!  
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. }



March - ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

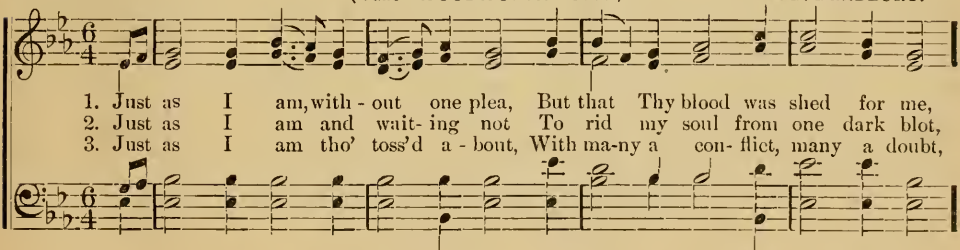
No. 86.

## JUST AS I AM.

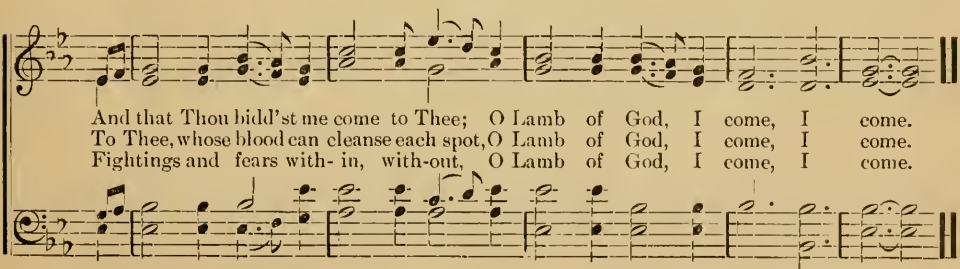
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

(Tune—WOODWORTH. L. M.)

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
2. Just as I am and wait - ing not To rid my soul from one dark blot,  
3. Just as I am tho' toss'd a - bout, With ma - ny a con - flict, many a doubt,



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee; O Lamb of God, I come, I come.  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.  
Fightings and fears with - in, with - out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

# No. 87. THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

DUET. *Gently.*

W. H. DOANE.

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow:  
 2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! to God!  
 3. He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions, And re-mem-ber them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red..... like erim-son, They shall be as wool;"  
 He is of great..... com-pas-sion, And of won-drous love;  
 "Look un-to me,..... ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;  
 Tho' they be red

DUET. *p*

QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,  
 Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,  
 He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions, He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions,

*p ritard.*

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."  
 Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! Oh, re-turn ye un-to God!  
 And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

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# No. 88.

# HIDE MY SOUL.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Source of life's e-ter-nal spring, Un-to Thee my all I bring;  
 2. Source of life's e-ter-nal spring, Thou whose name 'tis joy to sing;

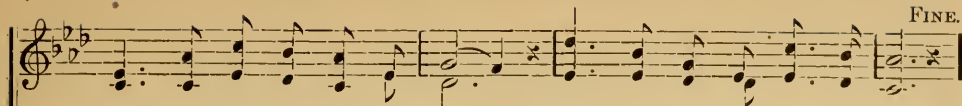
CHO.—Where tempta-tion can-not harm me, Nor the tem-ter's pow'r a-larm me;

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# HIDE MY SOUL.—Concluded.

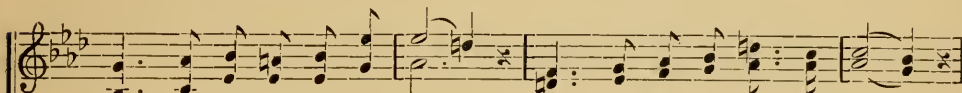
FINE.



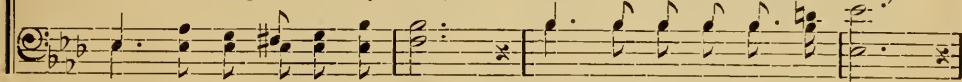
Con - se - crate this heart of mine, Seal me, Lord, for - ev - er thine.  
By Thine own al - might - y hand Lead me thro' this des - ert land.



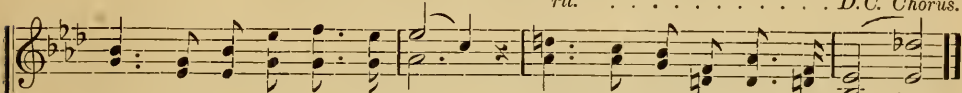
From the waves that dark - ly roll, In Thy light, O hide my soul.



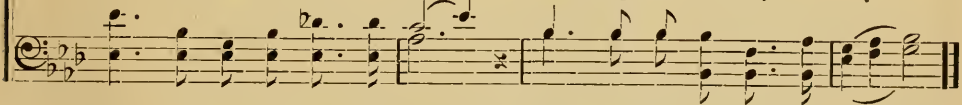
In the Rock no storm can move, In Thy deep, un - meas - ured love,  
Give me strength to do Thy will, Grace to walk be - side Thee still,



*rit.* . . . . . D.C. Chorus.



From the waves that dark - ly roll, In Thy light, O hide my soul.  
In Thine own ap - point - ed way, Trust - ing on from day to day.

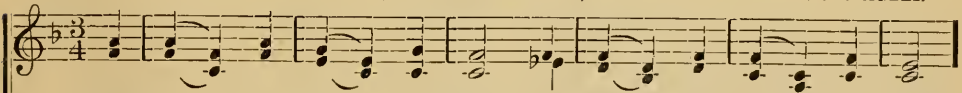


## No. 89. BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

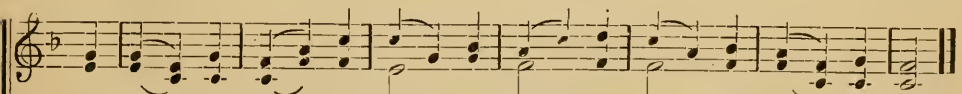
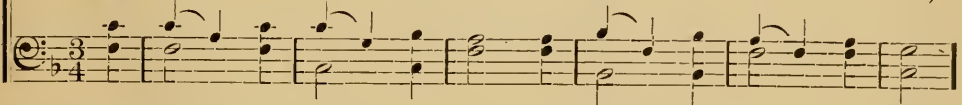
JOHN FAWCETT.

(Tune—DENNIS. S.M.)

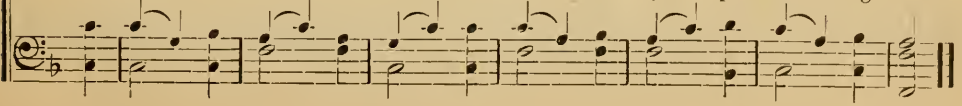
H. G. NAGELI.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;  
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;  
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear,



The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.  
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.



## No. 90.

## LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

REV. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is  
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to  
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I  
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish  
 fen, o'er erag and tor - rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.  
 day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Re-mem - ber not past years!  
 an - gle fac - es smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

## No. 91.

## ONLY A LITTLE WORD.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On - ly a lit - tle word, soft - ly and kind - ly Breathed in the ear of the  
 2. On - ly a lit - tle word, care - ful - ly spok - en, Borne to the lost on the  
 3. On - ly a lit - tle word, spok - en for Je - sus, Tell - ing His pit - y, com -

sad and op - pressed; Oh, how it ten - der - ly steals like a mel - o - dy  
 des - ert that roam, Breaks like the morn - ing light, chas - ing the drear - y night,  
 pas - sion and love, Out of the path of sin thou - sands may gath - er in,

# ONLY A LITTLE WORD.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

O - ver life's bil - lows, and lulls them to rest.  
 Point - ing them up - ward, and lead - ing them home.  
 Joy - ful to en - ter His king - dom a - bove. } On - ly a lit - tle word,  
 on - ly a lit - tle word, whispered in love, whispered in love.

No. 92.

## ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LEWIS EDSON.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The bleeding sac - ri -  
 2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede; His all - re - deem - ing  
 3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry; They pour ef - feet - ual  
 4. My God is rec - on - ciled; His pard'ning voice I hear: He owns me for His  
 fice In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands,  
 love, His pre - cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,  
 pray'rs, They strong - ly plead for me: "For - give him, O for - give," they cry,  
 child; I can no lon - ger fear: With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,  
 Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.  
 His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.  
 "For - give him, O for - give," they cry, "Nor let that ran - somed sin - ner die."  
 With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And, "Father, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, cry.

# No. 93. BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART.

Matthew v: 8.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Bless-ed are the pure in heart, Bless-ed are the pure in heart,

Bless-ed are the pure in heart; for they..... shall see God.....  
they shall see God for they shall see God.  
shall see God.....

Bless-ed are the pure in heart, Bless-ed are the pure in heart,

Bless-ed are the pure in heart: For they..... shall see God.  
they shall see God,

Bless - - ed, bless - ed are the pure in heart:.....  
Bless-ed, bless-ed, bless-ed, bless-ed are the pure, the pure in heart:



# BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART.—Concluded.

For they shall see God, For they shall see God, For they shall see

*Slowly.*

God,..... Bless - ed are the pure in heart: For they shall see God.  
Bless - ed, bless - ed, they shall see God.

## No. 94.

## HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

Dr. HEBER.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

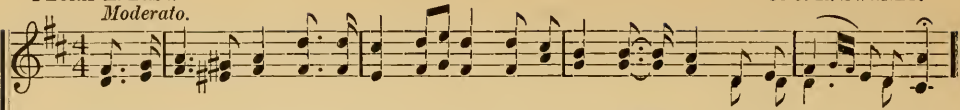
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the  
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their  
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of

morn - ing our songs shall rise to Thee, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,  
gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim  
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly!

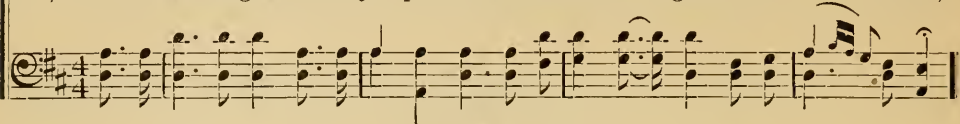
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.  
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.

FLORA L. BEST.  
*Moderato.*

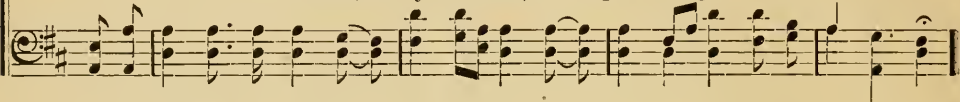
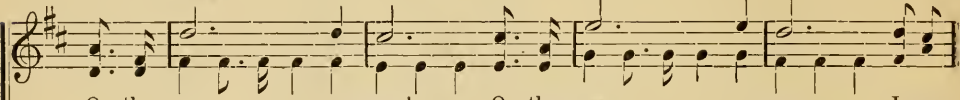
JNO. R. SWENEY.



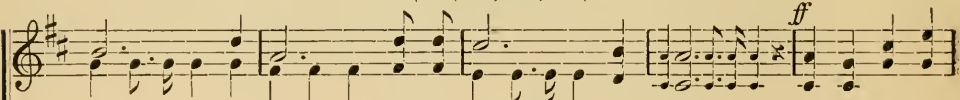
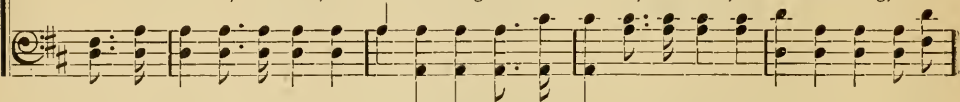
1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing, When my heart was as blithe as a bird... in spring;
2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the din..... of strife;
3. Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad, When the gra-cious Mas-ter hath made... me glad?
4. I shall catch the gleam of 'its jas - per wall When I come to the gloom of the e - ven-fall,



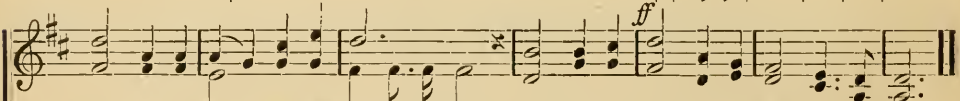
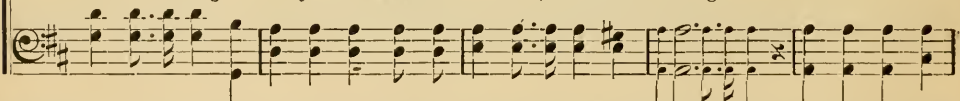
But the song I have learn'd is so full of cheer, That the dawn shines out in the darkness drear.  
But I know of a home that is wondrous fair, And I sing the psalm they are singing there.  
When He points where the ma-ny man-sions be, And sweet-ly says, 'There is one for thee'?  
For I know that the shadows, dreary and dim, Have a path of light that will lead to Him.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

O, the new, new song! O, the new, new song, I can  
O, the new, new song! O, the new, new song,



sing it now With the ran-som'd throng: Pow-er and do-  
I can sing just now With the ransom'd, the ransom'd throng:



min-ion to Him that shall reign; Glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain.  
that shall reign;



M. S. HAYCRAFT.

*Andante tranquillo.*

ARTHUR J. JAMOUNEAU.

*pp*

1. Tho' here we list no  
2. O cit - y calu and

*molto cres.*

more The tones we loved so well, Our precious ones for  
fair, O ha - ven ev - er blest, By Je - sus' grace we,

*espress. rit. ten. f*

ev - er - more With the Re - deem - er dwell. There hearts no sor - row  
too, shall share Thy glo - ry and thy rest. Safe, safe up - on the

*mp con molto espress.*

know, And tears are wiped a - way, Where leaves of heal - ing  
shore, By saints tri - umph - ant trod, With those we love for

*poco rit. cres. ff rit.*

sweet - ly blow Thro' nev - er - end - ing day; Thro' nev - er - end - ing day.  
ev - er - more, We'll praise the Lord our God; We'll praise the Lord our God.

# No. 97. "THY WILL, O LORD, BE DONE."

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

("CHANT.")

Arr. by CHAS. M. HATTERSLEY.

1. Thy will be done! In devious way The hurrying stream of life may run;  
2. Thy will be done! If o'er us shine A gladdening and a prosperous sun;

Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, Thy will, O Lord, be done!  
This prayer will make it more di-vine Thy will, O Lord, be done!

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# No. 98.

## BELLS OF EASTER.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Sun-shine has scat-tered the gloom, A - wake! A - wake!  
2. Hearts that were heav-y re-joice, A - wake! A - wake!  
3. Glad-ness is fill-ing the world, A - wake! A - wake!

Lil-ies are breathing per-fume, While shad-ows the skies now for-sake.  
List to each ju-bi-lant voice, For dawn in its glo-ry doth break!  
Ban-ners of hope are un-furled, Let all in the rap-ture par-take.

\* CHORUS. *a tempo*.

{ Bells of Eas-ter are ring-ing, Sweet-ly ring-ing; Dawn in beau-ty is  
{ List, the ech-oes are steal-ing, Soft-ly steal-ing;

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\* The lower note is the melody, and is to be sung by the school. The upper note (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices or sung by the girls. In the latter case, the melody is sung by the boys.

NOTE.—Can be used for Easter.



# BELLS OF EASTER.—Concluded.

2

bring-ing Eas-ter - tide. Bells of Eas-ter are peal-ing Far and wide.

## No. 99. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

(Tune—MARTYN.)

SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.

FINE.

1. Je-sus, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, While the nearer waters roll,  
2. Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee: Leave, O leave me not a-lone,

*D. C.*—Safe in-to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last!  
Cov-er my defenseless head With the shadow of Thy wing!

*D. C.*

While the tempest still is high! Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
Still support and comfort me: All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;

## No. 100. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

THOMAS MOORE, alt., and THOS. HASTINGS.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

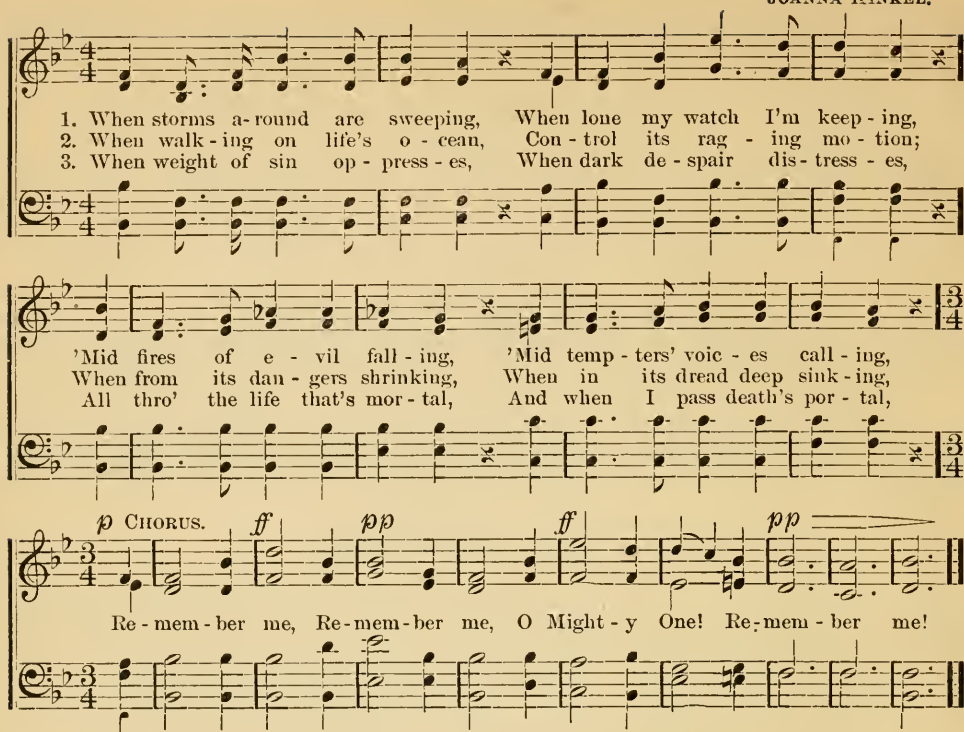
1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'e ye lan-guish; Come to the mer-cy-seat, fer-vently kneel,  
2. Joy of the de-so-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the pen-i-tent, fadeless and pure,  
3. Here see the bread of life; see waters flow-ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.  
Here speaks the Comforter, ten-der-ly say-ing, "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."  
Come to the feast of love; come, ev-er knowing Earth has no sorrow but heav-en can remove.

## No. 101.

## REMEMBER ME.

JOANNA KINKEL.



1. When storms a-round are sweeping, When lone my watch I'm keep-ing,  
 2. When walk-ing on life's o - cean, Con - trol its rag - ing mo - tion;  
 3. When weight of sin op - press - es, When dark de - spair dis - tress - es,

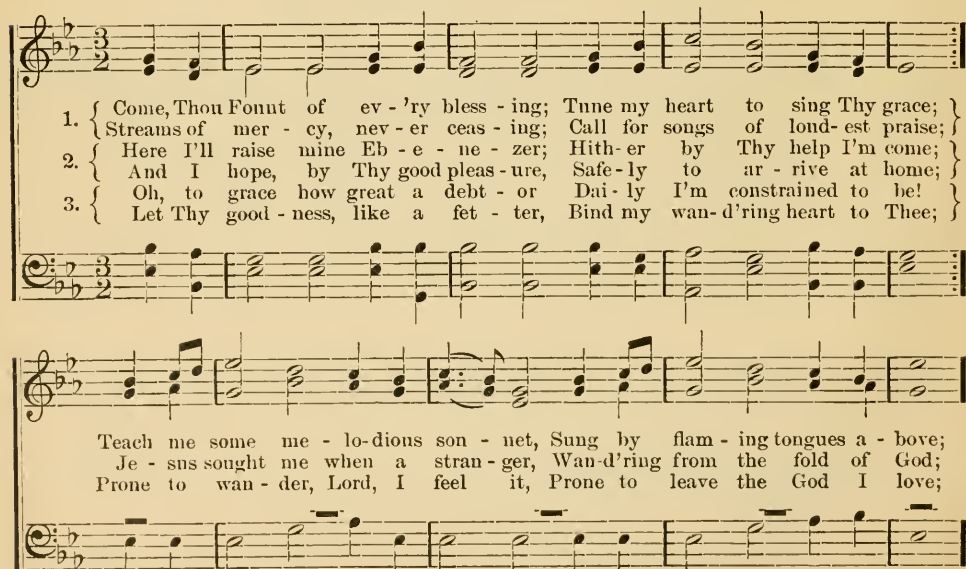
'Mid fires of e - vil fall - ing, 'Mid temp - ters' voic - es call - ing,  
 When from its dan - gers shrinking, When in its dread deep sink - ing,  
 All thro' the life that's mor - tal, And when I pass death's por - tal,

*p* CHORUS. *ff* *pp* *ff* *pp*  
 Re - mem - ber me, Re - mem - ber me, O Might - y One! Re - mem - ber me!

## No. 102.

## COME, THOU FOUNT.

Rev. E. ROBINSON.



1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing; Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }  
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing; Call for songs of loud - est praise; }  
 2. { Here I'll raise mine Eb - e - ne - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come; }  
 { And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home; }  
 3. { Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be! }  
 { Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee; }

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;  
 Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wan - d'ring from the fold of God;  
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

# COME, THOU FOUNT.—Concluded.

Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.  
 He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.  
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

## No. 103.

## LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

*With expression.*

1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray,      Gen - tly lead me all the way;  
 2. Thou the ref - uge of my soul      When life's stormy billows roll,  
 3. Saviour, lead me, then at last,      When the storm of life is past,

1. Sav - iour,      lead me, lest I stray,      Gen - tly      lead me all the way;

I am safe when by Thy side,      I would in Thy love a - bide.  
 I am safe when Thou art nigh,      All my hopes on Thee re - ly.  
 To the land of endless day;      Where all tears are wiped away.

I am      safe when by Thy side,      I would      in Thy love a - bide.

### CHORUS.

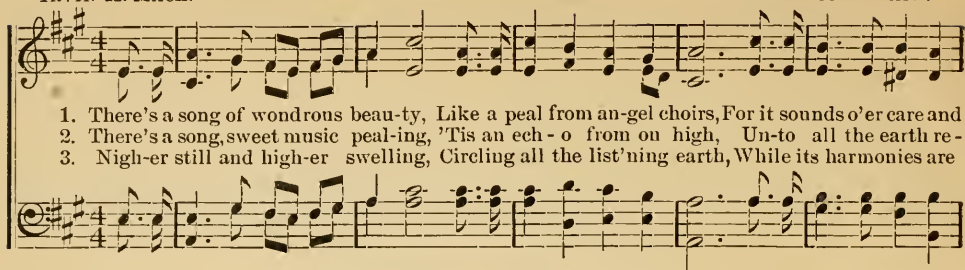
Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray;.....  
 lest I stray;

Gen - tly down the stream of time,      Lead me, Sav-iour, all the way.  
 stream of time,      all the way.

# No. 104. A SONG THE WORLD IS SINGING.

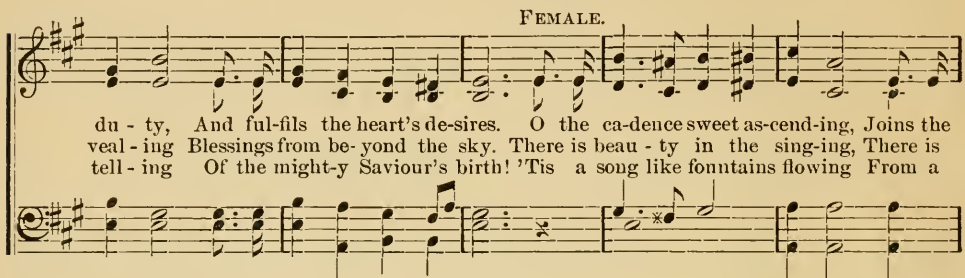
IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



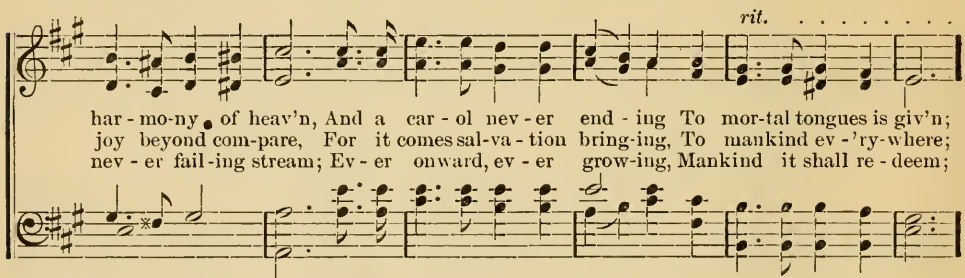
1. There's a song of wondrous beau-ty, Like a peal from an-gel choirs, For it sounds o'er care and  
 2. There's a song, sweet music peal-ing, 'Tis an ech-o from on high, Un-to all the earth re-  
 3. Nigh-er still and high-er swelling, Circling all the list'ning earth, While its harmonies are

FEMALE.




du-ty, And ful-fils the heart's de-sires. O the ca-dence sweet as-cend-ing, Joins the  
 veal-ing Blessings from be-yond the sky. There is beau-ty in the sing-ing, There is  
 tell-ing Of the might-y Saviour's birth! 'Tis a song like foun-tains flow-ing From a

*rit.*



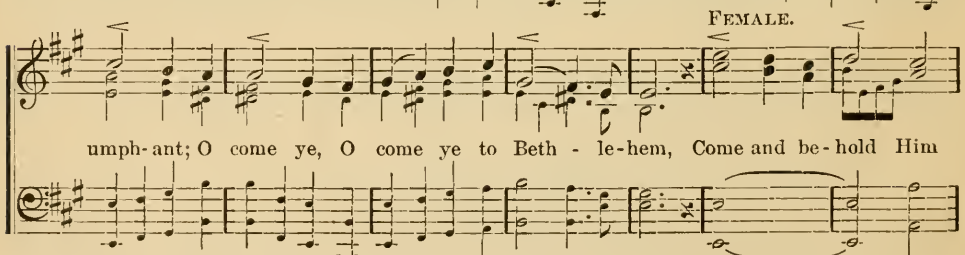
har-mo-ny of heav'n, And a car-ol nev-er end-ing To mor-tal tongues is giv'n;  
 joy be-yond com-pare, For it comes sal-va-tion bring-ing, To mankind ev-'ry-where;  
 nev-er fail-ing stream; Ev-er onward, ev-er grow-ing, Mankind it shall re-deem;

ALL. CHORUS.



And the world takes up the strain: O come, all ye faith-ful, joy-ful and tri-

FEMALE.



umph-ant; O come ye, O come ye to Beth-le-hem, Come and be-hold Him

NOTE.—Can be used for Christmas.

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# A SONG THE WORLD IS SINGING.—Concluded.

borne the King of an - gels O come, let us a - dore Him, O come let us a -

MALES.

ALL.

dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord.

No. 105.

## O LITTLE TOWN.

PHILIPS BROOKS.

LEWIS H. REDNER.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth-lehem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and  
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath - ered all a - bove, While mor - tals sleep, the  
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The wondrous gift is giv'n! So God im - parts to  
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth-lehem, De - scend to us we pray; Cast out our sin and

dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The  
 an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love. O morn - ing stars! to - geth - er Pro -  
 hu - man hearts The bless - ing of His heav'n. No ear may hear His com - ing; But  
 en - ter in— Be born in us to - day! We hear the Christ-mas an - gels The

ev - er - last - ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.  
 claim the ho - ly birth, And prais es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth!  
 in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.  
 great glad ti - dings tell— Oh, come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el.

NOTE.—Can be used for Christmas.

ALTO VOICES OR UNISON.

I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest ;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast !''

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad,

I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.

## CHORUS.

I heard the voice of Je - sus say,  
I heard the voice..... of Je - sus say,..... "Be - hold, be -

"Behold, behold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter;  
hold,..... I free - ly give..... the liv - ing wa - - ter; thirsty

thirst - y one, Stoop down, stoop down, and drink, and live!"  
one,..... Stoop down, stoop down,..... and drink, and live!".....

## DUET.

I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;

My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.

## I HEARD THE VOICE.—Concluded.

## CHORUS.

I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light; Look unto me, Thy

morn shall rise And all Thy day be bright!" I look'd to Je - - sus, and I  
I look'd to Je - sus,

found, I look'd to Je - - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Star and Sun; In  
and I found I look'd to Je - sus, and I found

Him my Star, my Star and Sun; And in that light..... of life I'll walk, Till  
And in that light of life I'll walk,

all my journey's done; And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my journey's done.



1. Let us ask the pre-cious Sav - iour To go with us while we part,  
 2. Know we not what chang-es wait us, But we know our might-y Guide,  
 3. In His ten-der hands en-trust-ing Ev-'ry link in love's bright chain;  
 4. Meet a-gain, no more to sev-er, In the "beau-ti-ful be-yond,"

For His pres-ence in life's jour-ney Peace and com-fort will im-part.  
 Safe are we in His dear keep-ing, Hap-py, when He walks be-side.  
 'Tis a bless-ed hope that whis-pers, Sure-ly we shall meet a-gain,  
 Where the love of our Re-deem-er Is the strongest, sweet-est bond.

## CHORUS.

Long our hallowed pray'r will lin-ger, Ming-ling with sweet mel-o-dy;  
 Be our wish at parting, "Mizpah," May the Lord keep watch o-ver you and me.

NOTE.—Closing Hymn.

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## No. 110.

## OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

THOMAS KEN.

GUILLAUME FRANC.

Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow, Praise Him, all crea-tures here be-low;  
 Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost!

Armstrong-Keyser, Phila., Pa.

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|                                     |  |     | Thou Thinkest Lord of Me.....       |  | 6   |
|                                     |  |     | W.                                  |  |     |
|                                     |  |     | What are You Doing for Jesus.....   |  | 4   |
|                                     |  |     | When Jesus Leads.....               |  | 3   |
|                                     |  |     | When Our Ships Come Sailing Home... |  | 4   |
|                                     |  |     | Whisper to Me.....                  |  | 3   |
|                                     |  |     | Will There be Any Stars.....        |  | 4   |



